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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1898.

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ON HIS HANDS.

UNCLE SAM: "GLAD TO SEE YOU, MY BOY; BUT I'LL HAVE TO CONJURE A LITTLE TO KNOW HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOUR FRIEND."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 31, 1898

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"WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES,"

A new Serial Story, by H. G. WELLS, *author of "The War of the Worlds," will begin next week. "The Awkward Age," by* HENRY JAMES, *will be concluded in the same number, which will be sent free of charge to all whose subscriptions expire with the present volume.*

MR. BRYAN talks like the orator that he is when he advises that the treaty of peace be ratified, and that then Congress talk about the evil after the evil has been accomplished. We are more inclined to agree with what is said to be the attitude of Speaker REED, which is to fight the whole proposition while it is before the Senate. After the treaty is ratified, there is only one duty for patriotic citizens. We may intend to keep the Philippines for good and all, and in the end to obtain Cuba. Whether this is to be the end of our efforts or not, the first duty of the United States is to provide good government for our new possessions, whether the new governments are to be temporary or permanent, and this task will require all the political energy and intelligence of the country. Time devoted to discussion as to whether we had better hand back the islands after they have been taken by this treaty will be time wasted. Then they will be ours, to be governed by us permanently, or to be returned to the native populations when we are satisfied that these are prepared for self-government. It will be the duty of patriots, after the ratification of the treaty, to accept the task imposed upon the United States, as it was their duty to sustain the government after the war was declared.

ON another page of this issue of the WEEKLY will be found a picture of the Common Council of the city of Chicago. It was supposed for some time that this Council was controlled by a majority of its members, who constituted what was known as the "gang," and who were in turn controlled by the street railway companies, who were seeking a fifty-year franchise in the streets of the city. Mayor HARRISON has made a vigorous and successful war upon the combination, and the other day defeated the project of the railway companies by having it referred to the City Hall Committee, which never reports. Mayor HARRISON has always appeared to us to be a good deal of a demagogue, but he is certainly winning golden opinions from the best people of Chicago and Illinois generally, and seems to be the only man upon whom good citizens can unite with any hope of success in the war against ALTGELD and TANNER, whose control in the two parties, and whose kind of politics, have long disgraced the State of Illinois. We are in constant receipt of letters from Illinois from citizens of the best character, indicating that Mayor HARRISON, demagogue though he may have been and still may be, is so much superior to the present Governor and his predecessor that he may eventually become the reform candidate for the nomination against ALTGELD, and for election against TANNER. It is due to him to say that his successful struggle against the corrupt element of Chicago's Common Council is vastly to his credit for ability and fearlessness.

WE note that one of the leading reasons which have pushed this country towards the taking of the Philippines is the desire to share in the commercial partition of China. There are evidently two forces at work, one of which must triumph and the other fail, directed to the opening of China to European commerce. One of these is embodied in Russia, which, probably with France, is looking toward the physical dismemberment of the empire. The other is British, which is seeking to preserve the integrity of the empire, but to open it to commerce with all the nations of the world. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is the principal agent of England in this task, for he is moving among the merchants and treating with the political powers simply as the representative of Great Britain's commerce. We have information which leads us to believe that Lord BERESFORD is meeting with a good deal of difficulty, but on the whole is succeeding, and that he would be greatly aided if the political and diplomatic powers of his government would adopt a fixed policy toward China. Politically Russia has now a great advantage over England and all the other countries operating upon China; but if there should be a commercial alliance between the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Japan, which would guarantee the integrity of China and keep the door open to all, Russian designs would be defeated, and the cause of commerce and civilization would be enormously advanced. There is no way in which Mr. HAY may so distinguish his administration of the State Department as in bringing about such a commercial alliance, and we are sure that he would have the assistance and sympathy of Great Britain in his efforts, and the active aid of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD.

IT is perhaps well for Admiral SCHLEY that his report of the operations of his squadron was not made public until the sharp edge has been worn off the public's memory as to the actual facts in the case. This report is dated May 30, and makes no explanation of Admiral SCHLEY'S failure to leave Cienfuegos and go to Santiago beyond what is known through the official despatches already published. One paragraph alone is worthy of special mention. It seems to have been written to meet the criticism that was sure to be visited upon his signalled intention to leave CERVERA'S squadron unblockaded and to proceed to Key West for coal. Admiral SCHLEY repeats the story of his fears as to his inability to coal at sea—fears that turned out to be entirely unjustified—but adds that his intention in standing westward was "to bar any effort of the enemy to reach Havana by a dash through the Yucatan Passage." This only adds to the mystery surrounding the movements of SCHLEY'S squadron, which still seem to indicate that the admiral was more intent upon avoiding the enemy than finding him; nor does it meet the fatal fact that, contrary to his orders, Admiral SCHLEY signalled to his squadron to proceed to Key West, and telegraphed to the department as follows:

> Much to be regretted cannot obey order of department. Have striven earnestly. Forces to proceed for coal to Key West by way of Yucatan Passage. Cannot ascertain anything respecting enemy positively.

In view of the fact that the information sent him that the enemy was at Santiago was correct; that his denial of the information was not based upon any counter-information nor upon any serious investigation; that his own despatch to the department shows that he was not proceeding to the Yucatan Passage to establish a defence against the enemy, of whose location he professed not to be aware, but that he was on his way to Key West—Admiral SCHLEY'S report leaves him in even a worse position than the reports already published. This case is one to be greatly regretted, for, so far as we understand it, SCHLEY'S conduct is the one blot upon the otherwise magnificent record which the navy made in the war. His troubled conscience and his remorse are probably sufficient punishment for him; but it is for the interest of the country and of the navy, if SCHLEY has not a better defence than that which he has offered in his report, that no honors be visited upon him in obedience to the dictates of popular clamor. Discipline and enthusiasm in any military service are best stimulated by just rewards for honors fairly won, and are most easily destroyed and injured by unjust rewards, given either at the dictation of politicians or in obedience to noisy demands of people who do not fully understand the facts or comprehend their significance.

MEN who have been prominent in maintaining protective tariffs are now urging the necessity of keeping the Asiatic markets open to American commerce. If the Philippines are to be kept as closed markets to the rest of the world under a tariff framed in Washington for the purpose of securing the Philippine market to our manufacturers, such a policy is certain to fail. England has not obtained a supremacy in Asiatic markets through her free port of Hong-kong, and had it been a closed port, protected by a tariff that discouraged the commerce of other countries, that island would never have become of importance. Even as it is, open to the shipping and produce of the world, it is Asiatic merchandise and commerce that make it one of the greatest of ports. Where England has accomplished more has been in developing the trade and industry of her Indian Empire. It is no longer Manchester yarn and cloth that find favor on the continent of Asia, with its apparently little known and illimitable possibilities of consumption, but it is the yarn and cloth of India. The kindred tastes of Indian and Chinese have proved a far more potent instrument for gaining entrance to the interior markets than any temptations offered or concessions secured by London or Manchester. So Japan is in a position to secure a larger share of the continental market than the English could ever gain *viâ* Hong-kong, or the French by way of Tongking. Possessed of the Philippines, our manufacturers would not be in the same position as the Indian or the Japanese with respect to the greatest market of Asia. The English mills have been beaten because they could not import their raw cotton from the United States or India, manufacture it into cloth or yarn, and export it to Bombay in the hope of being able to undersell the native manufacturer having his raw material at his door, and an abundance of low-priced labor. Even with Tagals in our mills the question of the cost of the raw material and transportation would be important; and if Indian cotton and Filipinos were used, where is the benefit to the American working-man? Cotton goods are only a type of all products designed for those Eastern markets. It has been shown again and again that American cottons cannot be sold in foreign markets in competition with the cottons of England or of Germany. Nor would a protected colony like the Philippines enable them to be sold in Asia without employing the cheapest materials and the cheapest labor, neither of which would be American. To open Asia other methods must be used. Germany has experienced no difficulty in building up an enormous export trade in directions where English goods were thought to enjoy a monopoly. Even in Asia the German merchant sells his wares in ever-increasing quantities. He has done this not by colonial settlements, but by an intelligent study of markets and their needs. This is the true way of obtaining "open markets."

IMPERIALISM AND THE PEOPLE.

THE WEEKLY has been asked to explain why it has expressed the opinion that the annexation of the Philippines is "as honest an expression of humane sentiment on the part of the American people as the war itself." We had already stated that the fact that this sentiment was the expression of the majority of the people had been assumed by the President. Whether this assumption is correct we did not and do not know, but we still have confidence in our frequently stated opinion that, even if the majority is now in favor of expansion, discussion would probably change public opinion, as it has frequently in the past turned back the spreading tide of error and led the people to a right and sane view, for there are no people in the world with whom reason is more potent than the native citizens of the United States, as it is also true that no people are sooner possessed of new and visionary notions, especially if there is a touch of romance in them, than some Americans whose family roots have been longest in the soil.

From the beginning of the clamor for war until now that the treaty of peace has been signed, HARPER'S WEEKLY has continually professed its faith in the virtues of the people whose aroused passions made the war possible, and whose honorable feelings have now induced the President to take the Philippines. It was opposed to the war because it believed that the cause of it was invented by foolish men and grasping politicians and newspapers, the last two for their own gain, the first because they were easily deceived. It has been against extension because it believes that the attempt to govern distant possessions and barbarous and alien people under our present system of government will bring harm to the republic, and will discredit the cause of democracy throughout the world. We are so confident in this belief that we are ready to say that no man who believes in democracy intelligently—no man who knows its virtues, which ought to be perpetuated for the welfare of humanity, and its limitations, that make for good as well as for evil—can be an expansionist. No movement that has ever yet been imagined by sordid politicians or grasping speculators, and that has been fanned into flames by the public press, is, in our view, so un-American as this reaching out after colonies. We believe that it is imitating Europe instead of moving along the lines of our traditions and our history, and we deny with indignation the paltry invention that our institutions have made us morbid and small. On the contrary, they have made us what we are, and the WEEKLY regards the United States, as it is, and as

it was before the war, as the finest political and social organization that man has ever invented.

While all this is true, it does not follow that the American people who are in favor of keeping the Philippines are greedy promise-breakers. There are thousands of them who believe that while expansion will do us great harm, and will tax our institutions and our system of government severely, there is no way of escape from the responsibilities that have been thrust upon us. They hold that we cannot give back to Spain that of which the natives have already taken an important part, and the whole of which they are likely to take if the United States troops and ships are withdrawn. They believe, too, that the rule of Spain there, as in Cuba, has been barbarous, and that the natives are not fit to govern themselves. There are Christian people, also, who believe that the rule of the United States will aid in the civilization and Christianization of the idolatrous savages of the islands. These people refuse to discuss the danger to our own institutions and civilization from expansion. They think, whatever that danger may be, American genius and perseverance and American character will overcome it. The President has heard these people, and he believes that they form the majority, and that their opinion stands for the opinion of the whole country. It is a dangerous assumption for him to make, because those who make the most uproar in this country are likely not to be the wisest, and are often really in the minority. If, for instance, the decision between Mr. MCKINLEY and Mr. BRYAN, in 1896, had been made upon the basis of the noise that followed after railroad trains, Mr. BRYAN would now be in the White House. However that may be, most of the people who are expressing themselves in favor of expansion—we naturally bar the politicians, who are talking for their own advantage—are honest, patriotic, and generous, and chief among them are men and women of the purest American blood, from that old New England stock which supplied the incentive and the excitement for the abolition movement, and for all the chivalric causes which rank among the "fads" of a time, to develop occasionally into a noble forward impulse, by reason of which humanity is blessed. It is now as it was at the breaking out of the war. Notwithstanding the ignoble means by which the passions of the people were then aroused, those passions were righteous, and the people who were swayed by them conscientiously and firmly believed that they were engaged in the holy cause of humanity. And now the people who have called out to Mr. MCKINLEY to take the Philippines, until he hears no other voice in the land, believe most sincerely that it is the duty of the country to take the islands in order to save the savages from the brutality of Spain and from their own barbarism. Let us repeat, we are not now speaking of the politicians and of those who see money for themselves in the Philippines, or of those who are looking forward to the building up in this country of a military empire, and who wish us to take our place side by side with the backward-trending governments of Continental Europe, and, with them, to participate in the partition of China and the looting of all the tropics, but we are speaking of the plain American citizen who believes in his country and his government, who thinks sincerely that we can undertake any task, and come out of it in the end to our own advantage and to the profit of all with whom we come in contact; who has faith in the efficacy of foreign missions, and who considers himself fully able to protect himself and his fellows from any evil that may come to him or his country. This man we respect most profoundly, and feel a warm attachment for, even when we differ from him radically, as we do on this subject of expansion. He is the man who is entitled to the credit of American progress, for he has developed himself to his best estate, and has flourished under institutions which have left him free to do so. He is the man who wears our uniform in both the regular and the volunteer services, and does his duty by his country, as he is willing to do it now by distant savages, whose very presence as parts of the United States will, we fear, greatly endanger his well-being. But that, in the end, the republic will accommodate itself to its changed conditions, will overcome the difficulties that will beset it at the outset, and will govern its distant colonies without surrendering any of its own democratic principles that are essential, we do not doubt, and have never doubted. The experiment will be costly, and the return may be nothing. We will probably go through much suffering from the militarism that must be established and from the wars that are likely to fall to our lot, but in the end we shall find again the pathway on which we were moving forward, and we shall resume the old route at the point at which we departed from it when expansion and imperialism were thrust upon us. Democracy is not to die out, nor its great exemplar to fall to pieces, because of the unfruitful experiment which we are about to make in Asiatic waters.

LIKE THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALASIA.

WE have taken the Philippines from Spain; the question now is what are we going to do with them? In one form or another this question is being asked everywhere, and it must be admitted that none could be more timely or important; it may be added that none could be more significant. A few months ago we went to war that we might secure freedom and independence for the people of Cuba from the foreign control of Spain; we have ended it by taking upon our own shoulders the burden of something greater than Cuba, six thousand miles from our shores, without one clear idea of what we are going to do with it. Day by day, indeed, the public is regaled with the latest opinions of Senators and the most authentic intelligence as to the views of the Executive of the country on the subject, but so far the principal interest of these is to be found in their vagueness.

Nothing could illustrate this peculiarity better than one of the suggestions which have reappeared on several occasions as representing the mind of the President on the question how to deal with the Philippines. Let us give them a government—so the proposal runs—like that which England has given her Australian colonies, and let this country exercise no more control over the Filipinos in their exercise of self-government than Great Britain does over the people of Australia. At the first glance the proposal is an attractive one. The success of England's great colonizing experiments in the South Pacific is admitted. She has no anxieties about their present management or future prosperity, nor has she any reason to doubt their strong and loyal attachment to herself, which results, among other things, in securing her the lion's share of all they have to give in the way of trade and commerce. If such a state of things could only be brought about in the Philippines it is evident that a heavy blow would have been struck at all criticism of the policy of expansion, while many troublesome questions would die a natural death. Nothing could be more desirable; it is the more vexatious that nothing could be imagined more utterly impracticable and visionary.

To control the Philippines as England controls her Australasian colonies means to leave them uncontrolled. This is done safely by Great Britain because the people of Australasia are as thoroughly English as the people of England, and, in fact, represent the best and most capable type of the self-governing Briton. To-day England exercises no control over the taxation, the fiscal policy, or the internal affairs and legislation of Australia any more than the colonists of Australia do over what is done in England in those respects. She defends the commerce of Australia with her fleets, but she does not land a company of British soldiers in its territories, nor has she even nominally the smallest control over the local forces embodied in each of the colonies for local protection. The secret of the success of the English method in Australia is that she has been dealing with her own people, men who inherited her language, laws, and ideas.

It may be said emphatically that there is not one point of resemblance between the position of the Australian colonists and the mixed population of the Philippines. For the most part the Filipinos are simply savages, with a tincture of superstition. Possibly half a million out of seven millions and a half of the inhabitants have more or less idea of civilization as we understand the word, but that is the highest praise that can be fairly given them. They know nothing of liberty by experience, and, if possible, less than nothing of self-government; their leaders are generally half-castes, with a very full share of all the defects that so commonly cling to the race; they have not an idea of enlightened rule either for themselves or others, and, as a matter of course, they have neither regard nor affection for ourselves, except in so far as we are represented by the strong arm and the mailed fist. To talk of setting up any such relations between America and a people like this as exist between England and her colonies, inhabited by her most enterprising and energetic sons, is to talk something worse than nonsense. Only free men can use free institutions; only men with the unconscious training of generations of orderly, law-abiding citizens are capable of any such political relationships as exist between England and her Australian colonies. Not years, but centuries would be needed to bring the Filipinos to any such standard as this, and they must be centuries of just and enlightened and strong-handed guardianship. Not England in Australia, but England in India and Ceylon, must necessarily be the model of any effective dealing with the millions of the thousand islands, the control of which we have so light-heartedly made ourselves responsible for. There is nothing to be gained by shutting our eyes to facts, and less than nothing to be accomplished by blundering forward ignorantly. If we are finally to be committed to Oriental imperialism, the part of common-sense will be to set ourselves to the task of drilling a savage people into civilization.

THE EDUCATIONAL CAREER.

THE presidency of Yale University recently became vacant through the resignation of Dr. DWIGHT. The question of the succession is attracting general attention, not only among the great number of alumni and friends of the institution, but also with the general public. It is widely felt to be a matter of far more than local concern, and there is national interest in the discussion now in progress.

This incident illustrates at once the changed position of the educator in the estimation of the public, and the possibilities of the educational career. Two or three generations ago a vacancy in the presidency of either Harvard or Yale meant simply the choice of a new man from a small class. The college president must be, first of all, a clergyman. Nobody who was not a clergyman was eligible to the position. Colleges had been established primarily for the training of youth to become ministers, and clergymen were considered the best persons to supervise such training. Young men often start out in life with an ambition to fill some particular position. The youth who aspired to a college presidency in the early part of this century knew that he must be ordained to the ministry before he could reach it.

The old tradition no longer rules. Harvard and Columbia and Cornell, not to go beyond universities in the East, have presidents who never acquired the right to prefix the title of "Reverend" to their names. Although clergymen constitute a majority of the Yale corporation, nobody supposes that they will insist upon having a clergyman as Dr. DWIGHT'S successor. The range of choice has been widened, until one finds lawyers and judges mentioned as possible candidates.

It is obvious therefore that the youth who has a taste for the educator's life may now look forward to the highest place in this field without the necessity of becoming a clergyman on the way. Nor is it reckoned essential that a college president shall be a profound student or a recognized authority in some department, as in the last century he had to be well versed in theology. CHARLES W. ELIOT has been the most successful college president of his generation, but although an excellent instructor, he was not a great light in chemistry when he was promoted from a professorship in that science to the charge of Harvard's wide interests, thirty years ago.

It is an infinitely wider and more attractive field which the modern university offers than that of the primitive college. This was at best little more than a training-school for the ministry, and the training which it gave was along pretty narrow lines. Our larger institutions are now coming to furnish really good instruction in a variety of subjects. Not only has the academical department been greatly broadened, but scientific, law, theological, and medical schools have sprung up or grown far beyond their old proportions, and the time is approaching when one may hope to pursue any branch of study in our chief universities.

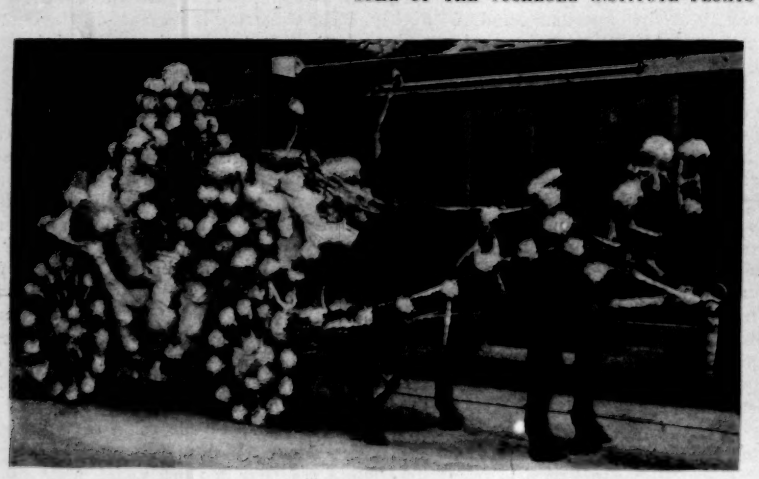
As the institution becomes more dignified and effective, the place of the professor becomes more inviting, and what is perhaps most encouraging of all, the public is coming to regard the educator more highly. The remarkable increase in the custom of making large gifts to educational institutions in recent years, coming as such gifts often do from those who regret the lack of a college training themselves, is a proof that "practical men" are more and more realizing the necessity to the nation of intellectual training. The professor may still be dubbed by some "a mere doctrinaire," but the member of a college faculty who has something to say worth a hearing can command an audience.

In the new era upon which the nation is entering, the universities must have a wider scope and a wider influence if we are not to make shipwreck. "What will the university do for the community?" asked President ELIOT in his inaugural address at Cambridge nearly thirty years ago, and he thus answered his question: "First, it will make a rich return of learning, poetry, and piety. Secondly, it will foster the sense of public duty—that great virtue which makes republics possible." To become a leader in work which makes for such ends as these is a career that should satisfy a lofty ambition.

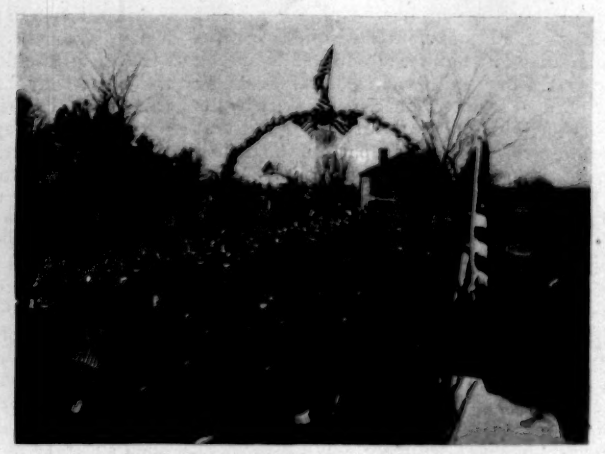
Governor Johnston. President McKinley. Principal Booker T. Washington.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE PROCESSION—TUSKEGEE.

SOME OF THE TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE FLOATS IN THE PARADE—TUSKEGEE.

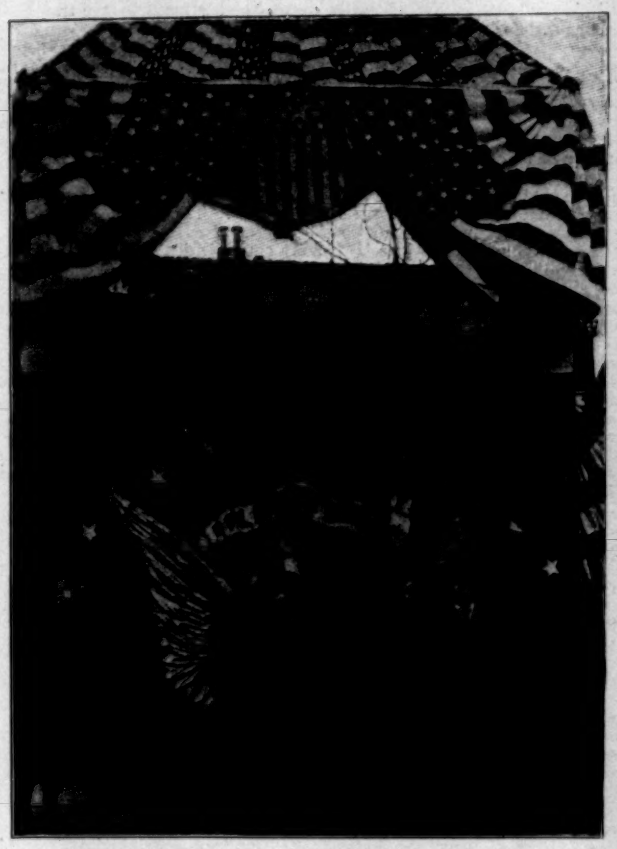


PRIZE-WINNING DECORATED CARRIAGE—ATLANTA.

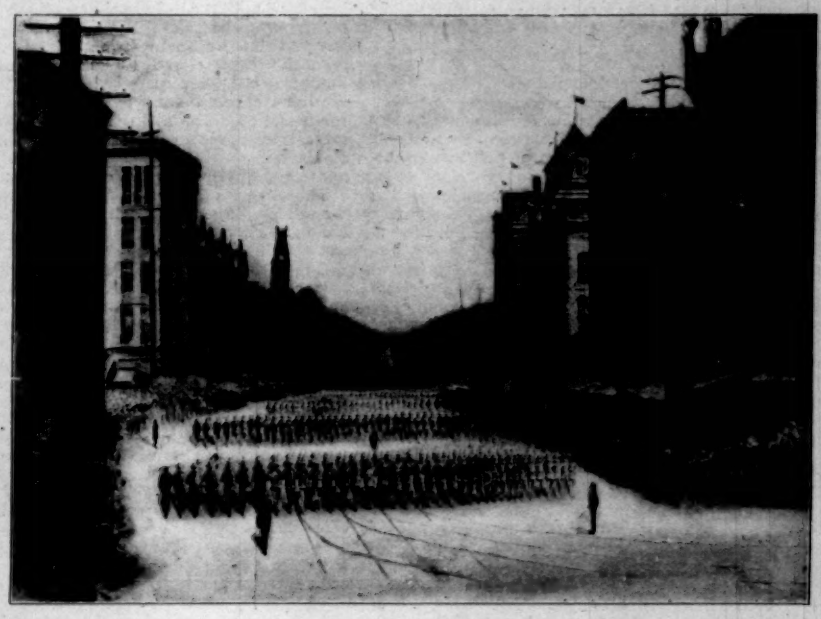


GIRLS MARCHING IN REVIEW—TUSKEGEE.

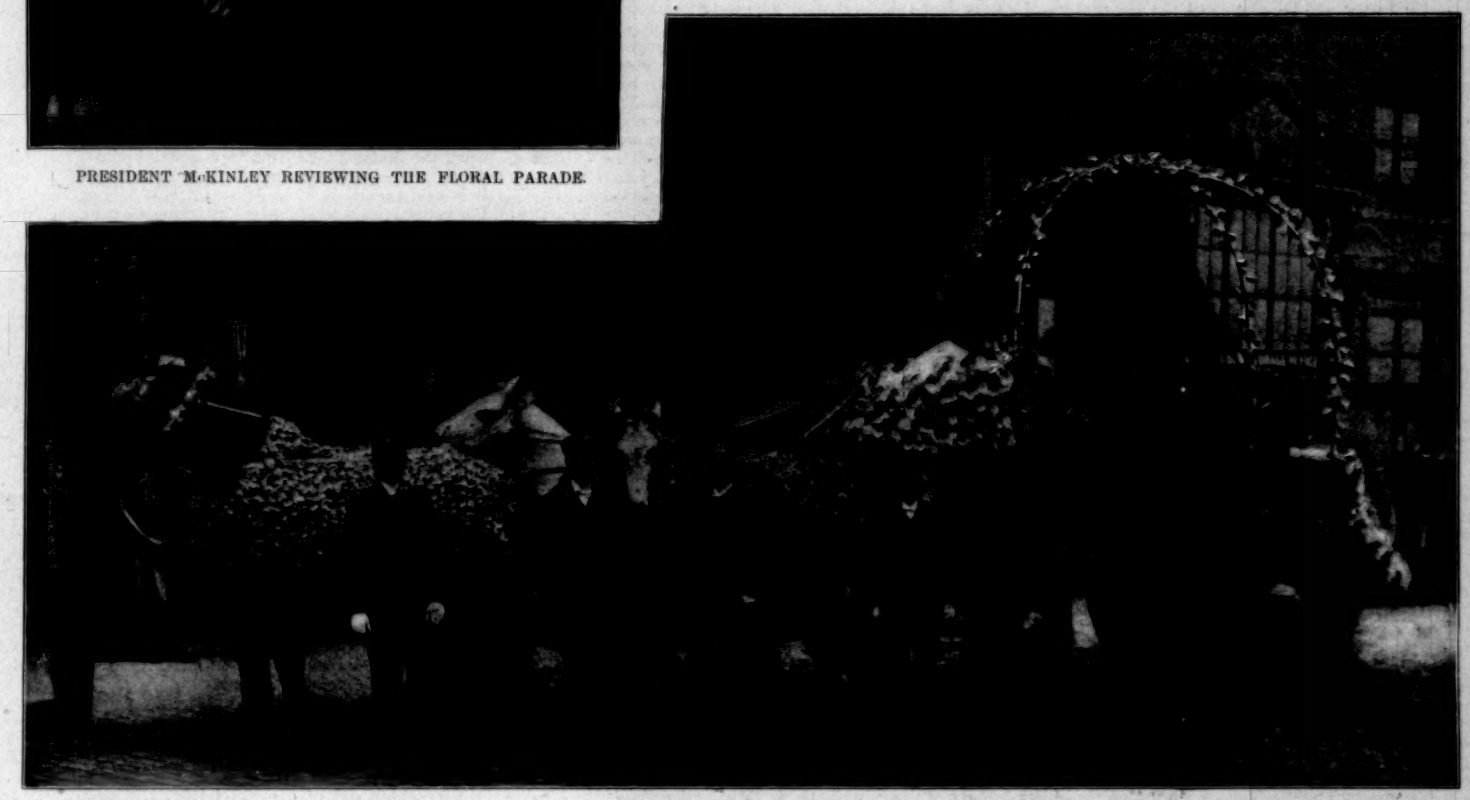
PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S SOUTHERN TRIP—SCENES DURING HIS VISITS TO TUSKEGEE AND ATLANTA.—[SEE PAGE 1299.]



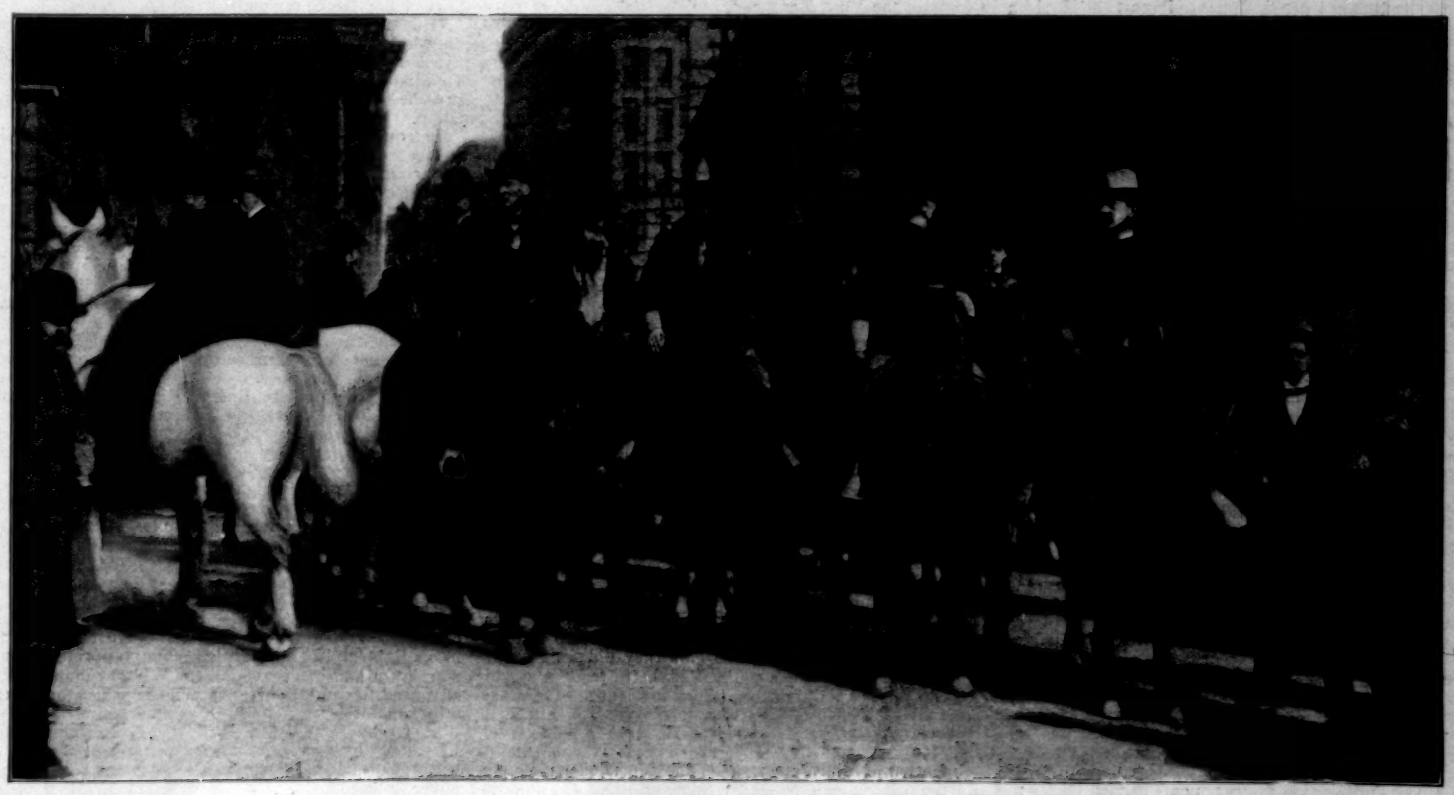
PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE FLORAL PARADE.



THE PROCESSION COMING DOWN MARIETTA STREET.



ATLANTA FIRE DEPARTMENT FLOAT.



THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S SOUTHERN TRIP—THE CELEBRATION AT ATLANTA.—[See Page 1299.]

THE MONEY OF PUERTO RICO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Puerto Rico has been the financial plaything of Spain in the past. Many different monetary schemes have been foisted on the unresisting island, which—unlike its sister province, Cuba—has never had the courage to revolt against the outrages and impositions of political machinations.

The financial system has always been on a silver basis, though it is said that thirty years ago an exceedingly small amount of gold coin was in circulation.

Prior to 1874 the silver coin of the United States was the standard and current medium of exchange, but in that year a trick was played on poor Puerto Rico by a French banking firm, headed by a man named Hermua. The slaves of the island were freed by a governmental edict, and indemnity bonds were issued by Spain to the former slaveholders, payable upon presentation, at a definite amount per black head. Then, as now, the landholders—very few in proportion to the total population—held the major portion of the money in the island, the slave getting nothing for his labor, and the poor man practically living from hand to mouth.

To meet this bond issue the Spanish government resorted to a cash-raising scheme, by which an arrangement with the French banker Hermua and a few of his banking friends was effected, this firm agreeing to pay off the slave indemnity in silver coin. What nation's silver currency was to be the medium was not stated in the contract, and consequently Mexico's silver dollars were used, which possessed actually more weight in silver than the United States dollars, though worth only some sixty-two cents. The result was the flooding of Puerto Rico with depreciated Mexican silver, through which an immense profit was secured by the French firm, and possibly by the official circles of the law-makers of Spain.

The steps which naturally followed were the paying for all labor in cheap Mexican silver by the limited number of large money-holders on the island, the hoarding of American silver, and its ultimate exchange for Mexican silver, which to all intents and purposes expanded, for the time being, the currency of the island, and made it possible for land-owners to pay all their debts in Mexican silver, at an apparent profit to themselves.

Little thought seems to have been given to the complications which would arise in foreign exchange; but, for that matter, it is hardly probable that the tide of cheaper money could have been stemmed, as the natural law is for dearer money to disappear by hoarding or in exchange with foreign countries. It is said that many United States silver pieces were punctured to prevent their leaving the island, but it is difficult to see what beneficial result could arise from recourse to such a scheme. In two years' time the silver of Puerto Rico had changed from the United States to a Mexican silver basis.

For ten years the Mexican silver reigned supreme. There was a subsidiary copper currency, which was Spanish, but aside from this, all money was Mexican silver. By 1884 the Spanish government had evolved a new financial intrigue, which was to produce results advantageous to the official machine. All Mexican silver was called in by the home government, and a temporary paper exchange-note was issued, payable in a new silver currency, to be called the Puerto Rico peso. It was claimed to be distinctly honorable and patriotic for the Treasury Department of Spain to desire a silver piece for her colonies which should bear the stamp of the ruling country.

In round numbers, six million Mexican dollars were called in, and six million pesos were issued from the reminting. The outrage lay in the fact that instead of each coin weighing as much as the original piece turned in, the new peso was almost a sixth lighter in weight, making a rake-off for the Spanish government of over a million, not counting the few odd hundred thousand dollars which were never paid. The uncomplaining islanders meekly accepted the new coin, without even a formal protest.

It was then made a penal offence to import the Mexican dollar to Puerto Rico, and the few remaining pieces had to be carefully examined as to date before being accepted in commercial exchange.

For fourteen years the peso has been the sole money of the island, but a new crisis has been reached to-day by the advent of the American army in the island and by the change of government. The new problem has perturbed the native population from end to end of the island, and a condition of unrest exists never before apparent during the many money jugglings which have hitherto been perpetrated.

A few days after General Miles had landed his troops on the southern coast of Puerto Rico, he issued a mandatory order, as military commander, that the prevailing rate of exchange should be two to one—that is, two Puerto-Rican pesos for one American silver dollar—on the assumption that a peso was worth in bullion value less than half of one dollar backed by a gold reserve in our Treasury. This was an apparently easy solution of the currency problem of Puerto Rico, unbacked as she was and is now by a superior money, but the righteousness and wisdom of such short-cuts in intricate financial tangles remain to be proved.

The six million silver pesos on the island have never, to any extent, found their way into foreign exchange, but have been confined solely to the island, representing for many commodities a definite purchasing power, quite on a par with American silver. This unique condition of affairs is largely due to the lack of a banking system approved by the Spanish government, and to a system of differential duties which favored Spain in every transaction, causing the people of Puerto Rico to import from Spain practically all the necessities of life, while the export trade from the island to other countries was paid in bills of exchange on the Spanish bank. It was a wheel within a wheel; taxation from the home government was quite sufficient to balance the profitable export trade with the imports from Spain in such a way that silver pesos never got further away than the Bank of Spain, from which they were placed in circulation again by the payment of the army and officials on the island, and by road, harbor, and fortification improvements carried on for the benefit of military and naval operations. Within the last few months the Puerto-Rican peso has been honored for the first time by Spain—from necessity, as the returning Spanish army has carried home, in wages and plunder, an unknown but large quantity of this silver, and, further, the Bank of San Juan, which was a repository of private funds and island municipal and school reserves, has been milked by Spain's officials. Ponce alone has lost, it is said, some sixty thousand pesos which were withdrawn and carried to Spain without due warrant.

The amount of actual money was so weighty in character and so limited in Puerto Rico that the banks of San Juan and Ponce, by permission of the respective municipal authorities of these towns, issued paper notes, negotiable and redeemable upon demand, with which the local business might be transacted. Neither of these paper issues had any protection from the government, and they were accepted hesitatingly, or not at all, by people residing outside of these cities. A false inflation of the paper currency of either bank was presumably prevented by a municipal law, which demanded a monthly statement of the assets, liabilities, and outstanding paper money. As any suspicion that these banks were using all their available funds and not holding sufficient reserve in silver to meet the outstanding paper would have resulted in a disastrous run upon them, it is difficult to understand what advantage the issue of paper obligations possessed, above the convenience of supplying a portable certificate in place of the weighty silver piece. One, five, and ten pesos were the usual issues, though at Ponce larger paper certificates, in the nature of a bond issue, transferable, but drawing an annual interest of one-half of one per cent., were held by the larger depositors.

I am told by native financial authorities that when, for specific purposes, the peso came from time to time to be exchanged for gold, the accepted rate was 150 in favor of gold, though at times it has been as low as 112. Again, it is said that to-day, since the honoring of the peso in Spain, it is possible, by shipping the silver peso to the United States, to arrange a draft exchange for Spanish gold at 150, with an added five per cent. commission, creating thus an exchange rate of 155. If this is strictly true, then the rate arbitrarily set by General Miles would seem to be unfair, and likely to prove a dire hardship to a million of helpless people, to whom we are holding out the promise of future prosperity and the happiness of a broad-gauge government, such as they have never before known.

In spite of the edict, and the fact that all the custom-houses on the island in the hands of military collectors of customs, as well as the new post-office, hold that a peso paid in duties and postage is only half the value of an American dollar, the business men of the island have been able to run this rate down as low as 150, and refuse to give in return for an American dollar more than one peso and a half Puerto-Rican.

Many interesting complications have arisen due to this varying exchange. For example: Ponce, which is perhaps the most Americanized city on the island in ways and means, led the crusade against two to one, and has set 150 as the prevailing rate. San Juan, the capital on the northern side, was slower in scaling down, and paid, for a week after the evacuation, 180 for American gold, 175 for all kinds of our paper certificates, and 165 for our silver. Why they should discriminate against one form of our currency more than another in San Juan remains to be explained. The rate there to-day has been reduced to a uniform 160; or ten centavos more is paid at the capital than at Ponce for the American dollar.

At Caguas the military commander demanded 175, notifying the alcalde that all stores would be closed unless this rate was allowed, and so it was paid under protest, until about November 1. The merchants all rightly insisted that they were injured by being forced to buy their supplies and to exchange their American money in San Juan at a rate of 160, while their selling price had been unjustly lowered some ten per cent. by their having to accept American silver at 175 upon demand. Colonel Eddy of the Forty-seventh New York ordered the Alcalde of Caguas to see that the same form of exchange is maintained, based on the precedent set by the Fourth Ohio and the First Kentucky, but the order was not enforced, and the prevailing rate has become 160.

At the island of Vieques the exchange has been kept at two to one by the order of volunteer captains in charge of single companies, though the natives of this island are obliged to purchase in cities like Ponce and San Juan at a high rate, and sell at home to Americans at a loss of twenty-five per cent.

These varying exchanges, pulled down by commercial natives and forced up by military orders, have caused a deep and pervading condition of unrest in the native's mind, as he has no stable medium of exchange, and cannot have one until the Congress of the United States shall have settled this problem.

The money-holder of the island desires that his silver shall remain as near as possible at a par with American silver; the few natives with large debts to pay wish that two to one might be the prevailing rate until the liquidation of their liabilities. Every American soldier is glad to get two pesos for a single dollar, and the post-master grumbles because American silver is paid in for postage-stamps with greater frequency than hitherto, and in consequence he is no longer able to pay his board bills in Spanish money at a decided saving to himself.

It is possible that criticism and scandal may arise from the present monetary condition on the island, and unfortunately the most upright of men in public places are in a position to be questioned as to their disinterestedness and integrity. As an example it may be said that some 15,000 pesos were placed in the hands of a well-known firm of brokers doing business in Puerto Rico, who were selected by the President as Treasury agents and as a repository of customs collections. This firm agreed to favor all army officers, upon demand, with an exchange of two to one. This they did for several days, and then posted a notice that hereafter 160 would be the rate, explaining to military men that the original amount of Puerto-Rican silver deposited with them had become exhausted. It is quite likely that this was true; but if it was not, then this firm, which is only under obligation to return either the sums deposited with them in the original coin or their equivalent—half the amount in United States currency—has made by the transaction forty centavos on every dollar deposited.

The collectors of customs have kept long lists of names of military officers who desired to take advantage of the two-to-one valuation, and have personally disbursed their funds in exchange for American notes. Much complaint is heard in the ranks that a favored few are receiving this exchange, while the majority are forced to accept the rate set by the native tradespeople. Every customs official and every postmaster is open to the ugly imputation that he is conducting a brokerage business on his own behalf. There is nothing to prevent his doing so.

The prices of many commodities have risen in Puerto Rico, probably owing to the fact that the shopkeepers feel the need of protecting themselves against the new exchange in some way; it may be because of their ability to get more money out of the freer-handed Americans. Both reasons are given by the soldiers who have lived on the island all summer, and it is further said that two prices exist—a higher one for the American and a lower one for the native; but the storekeepers deny both suggestions.

While it is probably true that the natives desire to reap as great a harvest of money as possible from the American curio-hunter, the matter of supply and demand is naturally controlling the situation. Never before has the demand for almost everything produced in Puerto Rico been so great. The Spanish soldier got eight pesos a month, when he was paid, while the ordinary private in our army gets a little over fifteen dollars, or, at the prevailing rate of exchange, three times the salary of the Spaniard, and it is paid regularly and spent freely. The Spanish officers received smaller salaries than our officers, and, besides, had the habit—most disastrous to their tradesmen—of ordering on credit and never paying; on the other hand, our officers are better livers, demand larger meals, and buy everything they see which is new and unique, paying promptly as they go.

The solution of this difficult money problem lies with Congress, and by quick and decisive action our legislators may relieve a condition which is fast making the people of our new province dissatisfied.

It may be pointed out that a serious injury would be done the Puerto-Ricans if Congress were to legislate upon the financial situation from a stand-point of bullion value. The peso is a little lighter than our dollar, and it is said that it is of less fineness, while its actual bullion value is said to be about forty-six cents at the present time. It differs from our dollar, however, weight for weight, fineness for fineness, only something like ten per cent.

If the bullion value alone were to be allowed, the money of Puerto Rico would be suddenly contracted by one-half; that is, a people to-day possessing six million silver pieces, with which they purchase their comforts and pay the laborer his daily wage, would to-morrow be reduced to three million dollars. Men who now are fairly well off would then be poor, with but one-half their accumulated savings.

It may be argued that a financial readjustment must be passed through in Puerto Rico, and that prevailing prices increase or decline to meet changes in money values, but the fact that Puerto Rico has had but six million pesos to carry on the commercial transactions of a population of a million souls, of which amount one-half is held by two banks, should not be lost sight of. The dearth of money has been the curse of the island, and among a large proportion of the poorer element the primitive method of exchanging commodity for commodity has been resorted to, whereby the poor man suffered, as usual, being forced to take, in return for his agricultural products, whatever might be offered him in manufactured articles by his more opulent neighbor, the tradesman.

Under such circumstances any policy which tends still further to decrease the purchasing power of their silver or contract their circulating medium must do a serious injustice to the natives of this island, to whom we offer the protection of a liberal government. It also means the crushing out of commercial activity among the indigenous population, and the aggrandizement of every moneyed American who may desire to invest his capital in this rich and fertile region.

As financiers, are we willing to further oppress a people who have suffered much already at the hands of rapacious rulers? Rather, as generous Americans, we should seek to so legislate as to supply the needs and insure the commercial success of these new wards of our nation.

An equable solution of the problem, and one which may be reached with no particular generosity on the part of our nation, lies in the reminting, as soon as possible, of the Puerto-Rican pesos into silver dollars bearing the American eagle. Allowing 386 grains of silver for the Puerto-Rican peso and 412½ grains for the American dollar, there is a difference of some eight per cent. A fair mintage charge could hardly bring the difference between the two pieces up to more than fifteen per cent. If such a proposition were to be considered and such a law enacted, Puerto Rico would suffer a fifteen-per-cent. depreciation of her currency in remintage, securing in exchange a stable financial system endorsed by the government of the United States.

Unless we repudiate Puerto Rico's silver, any plan which is adopted must necessarily result in the ultimate absorption of the present currency of the island by the United States Treasury. This money will be returned to our Treasury through the custom-houses and post-offices at the present high rate of profit to our government—which now receives, through an arbitrary ruling, two pieces of their silver in exchange for each one of its own, though, value for value in bullion, their respective values differ but a few cents—or it will be returned after brokers and bankers and speculators have each secured a margin of gain.

Spain has been held to be a robber because, in 1884, she recoined the Mexican silver dollar in current circulation into a lighter piece bearing her stamp, appropriating the margin for her own enrichment. What argument can be advanced to defend our government against the severest criticism for having, through military power, set an arbitrary rate of exchange, whereby every peso collected at fifty cents by our Treasury may be reminted, after the addition of five cents' worth of silver, into one of our own silver dollars?

William Dinwiddie.

THIS BUSY WORLD

AN anonymous Boston correspondent writes on a postal-card to the artificer of this department:

> You seem to have very correct instincts. I cannot but notice how important a part of "this busy world" Boston is to you.

It may be "correct instincts" or it may possibly be a symptom of the poverty of an ill-furnished mind. A conscience which sometimes suffers from self-reproach because of excessive attention paid to Boston concerns in this page of the WEEKLY excuses itself with the assurance hopefully entertained that, after all, Boston is by all odds the most interesting city of its species in the United States, and perhaps in the world. The species does not include New York or Chicago, but it does include, in a way, half a dozen very lively and important towns.

There are five cities in the country (including Brooklyn) which have more people in them than Boston has, and another (Baltimore) has almost as many, but there is no city, not even New York, which has so many Boston people in it. It must be that which makes Boston so irrepressibly important. Out of her population of half a million there must be nearly 400,000 Boston people, the majority of whom sing praises to Heaven night and morning that they are not as other folks are, and that they live in Boston, conveniently grouped to set an example to the world. Quality counts for a great deal, and Boston abounds in quality. It is a handsome, lively, self-conceited town which takes itself seriously. Life is not so interesting in America that Americans can afford to ignore such a place, or fail to inform themselves from time to time of what agitates the minds of its respected inhabitants.

What saved Mr. Savage Landor's life in Tibet was the seemingly unimportant circumstance that his fingers were webbed somewhat higher than those of ordinary men. The Tibetans, who are incorrigible cranks, discovered this peculiarity in him after they had mauled, seared, and tortured him very nearly to death, and found in it a sudden and conclusive reason for letting him live, as a person under special divine protection. It seems to have been a mistake in policy, for the stories Mr. Landor brought back to England with him are understood to have impressed his countrymen with the need of carrying the blessing of British civilization to the Lamas and their misguided parishioners. It will have to be carried a long distance up hill; but if the British make the campaign, which is said to be part of their next summer's programme, it will be the making of a great deal of interesting reading. Mr. Landor did not get to Lhassa, the capital of Tibet, but if British soldiers undertake to reach that city, there is little doubt that they will succeed. Meanwhile Mr. Landor's book, *In the Forbidden Land* (Harper's), gives pretty much all the modern information about Tibet that is available.

For an effete and tired-out continent Asia is doing pretty well by literature in these days. Besides this literary crop which Mr. Landor has gathered, with such terrible toil in its inhospitable highlands, there is the other notable book of travels of the season, Mr. Sven Hedin's *Through Asia* (Harper's). Last year Asia gave us Lord Roberts's *Thirty Years in India*. Most important of all, from the purely literary stand-point, Asia has given us Kipling. For so old a country it has done well.

On December 1 the undergraduates of Princeton stigmatized hazing in formal resolutions as a demoralizing practice prejudicial to the interests and reputation of the university, and abolished it. By the same process they declared that Freshmen and other undergraduates would be expected to observe the customs of the university, and provided for a committee to see that they did. This committee is to consist of the vice-presidents of the two upper classes, the chief editor of the *Princetonian*, and the manager and assistant manager of the baseball team. It will have authority to summon and try all Freshmen accused of violating customs, and all Sophomores accused of hazing, and may summon any witnesses desired. When guilt is proven it will devise due punishment. A number of customs which have affected Princeton Freshmen were thus recorded in a recent issue of the New York *Sun*:

> In the past a Freshman was not permitted to wear golf trousers, nor sport the colors, to carry a cane, to wear duck trousers until the first Harvard game, to smoke a pipe, to enter the grand stand at the baseball grounds, to be seen on the streets after nine o'clock at night, to enter any saloon or pool-room, to play ball or loaf on the campus, and, finally, he was expected to yield the sidewalk to everybody but the townspeople.

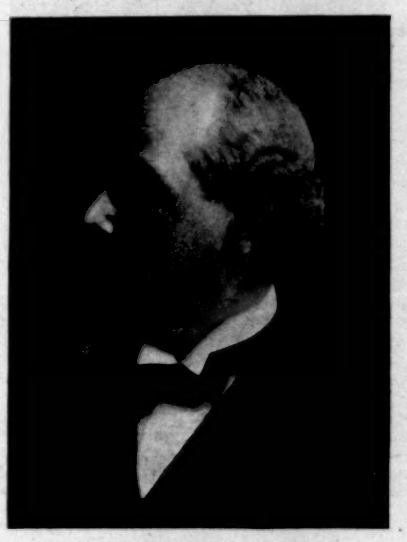
The prevalence of such customs, if they do prevail, indicates that Princeton, for an old college, is remarkably successful in keeping her youth.

A favorite anecdote about the late Calvin S. Brice represented that he was one of the enthusiasts who pulled on the rope which brought down the Vendôme Column in Paris. The story runs that, being at that time at a time of life when purposes are still unsettled, he had thoughts of becoming a socialist or communist or something for the general good, but that his experience in Paris convinced him that the individual good was better worth pursuit, so he bought a steerage ticket, came back to Ohio, and applied himself with great assiduity and success to the problem of getting ahead.

None of the obituary notices of Mr. Brice which the newspapers have published take note of this picturesque incident or admit that he went abroad in early life. Indeed, his time is so well accounted for that it is hard to find a vacancy into which this bit of biography may be inserted. He was born in Denmark, Ohio, in 1845, began his collegiate course at Miami University when he was fourteen, enlisted in the Union army at fifteen, graduated from Miami at seventeen (June, 1863), served a year or two in the war, came out a lieutenant-colonel, and took his degree in the Law School of Michigan University in 1866. Then he was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati, and practised law for ten years, in the course of which it is possible that he found time to slip over to Paris, view the results of the Franco-Prussian war, lend a hand incidentally on that Vendôme Column rope, and so on back the cheapest way to Ohio.

Mr. Brice had no prejudice in favor of the beaten track, and seems never to have refrained for conventional reasons from taking a hand in any enterprise that seemed to him likely to be interesting or profitable. He was an unusually striking man to look at, and it is said that in appearance he was very like St.-Gaudens, the sculptor. Certainly there was a remarkable appearance of mental vigor about him, and of shrewdness and resourcefulness. When sporting blood is allied to a powerful imagination and the gift of making accurate calculations, the combination is strong. One of Mr. Brice's obituarians has said that he got rich in violation of all the rules—that he borrowed all he could at the start, never saved his pennies or bothered himself with economies, but spent all he could when he was poor and all he wanted to when he got rich, never fretting his mind about small sums, but concentrating it on the acquisition of big ones. No doubt it is safer to take this information with some salt, but Mr. Brice undoubtedly had a gift for boring with the large auger, and when one has that it is unintelligent of him to put in his time with gimlets. The only small thing which he seems to have neglected to his hurt was the cold he took a week before his death.

Macaulay's forecast of the time when the New-Zealander should moralize on the broken arch of London Bridge predisposed the contemporary mind to the idea that the New-Zealander was slow to ripen, and would not come to his maturity for a long, long time to come. London Bridge is still in use and good repair, but the New-Zealander is already moralizing on the imperfection of things British, and shows no hesitation about showing his grandmother how the details of civilization ought to be worked out. The idea of an old-age pension is familiar in England, where both parties have discussed its advantages, and where Mr. Chamberlain, in particular, has shown a strong disposition to bring it to actual experiment. In England, however, it is still only a dream, and one that does not offer much promise of early fulfilment. It is in New Zealand that it is really to be tried. New Zealand nowadays has all the most modern ideas, and a fine audacity in putting them to the test. Her Legislature has passed a bill providing that all persons of good character who have lived in the colony twenty-five years and are over sixty-five years old shall be paid one shilling a day, provided their income does not exceed thirteen shillings a week, and that they are not Chinese. The idea is that if the aged poor must be provided for any way, it is more satisfactory and little more expensive to pension them than to maintain them in poor-houses. The New-Zealanders exclude the Chinese from the benefits of their new law because they don't want the Chinese to come to them; they insist upon a residence of twenty-five years because, while they are willing to support their own poor, they don't want to make their island a resort for poor persons from other parts of the British Empire. Great interest is felt everywhere in their experiment, and all Europe will watch the working of it. The objections in England to old-age pensions have been that they might discourage thrift and promote imposture, teach people to rely on the government for support, and put a heavier burden on the state than it could carry. There seems to be a sentiment in England that the repulsiveness of poor-houses and the extreme unwillingness of decent indigents to go to them have a wholesome effect. Perhaps they do discourage the self-respecting poor from holding hoggishly to the vital spark, but one would like to see the other method tried.



ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK.

At present our Ambassador to Russia, he has been nominated by the President to be Secretary of the Interior to succeed Cornelius N. Bliss, resigned.

Mr. Julian Ralph is more kinds of a literary person than the ordinary mind can readily keep track of. We know him as an eminent reporter, as a lively correspondent, as a writer of magazine articles, and lately as a story-writer. But how many of us have been used to think of him as a traveller? Traveller he is, though, for the Royal Geographical Society of London has elected him a fellow, this distinction being allotted to him on the strength of two books. He is the author of *Alone in China*, which the *Spectator* has said is a necessary aid to an understanding of the Celestial Kingdom, and of *On Canada's Frontier*, in which the chapter on Canada's El Dorado still ranks as the soundest and shrewdest study of British Columbia. He can add F. R. G. S. to his name now whenever he likes. The letters are inconvenient for every-day use, but they look well on the title-pages of stories of travel and studies of foreign lands. It isn't so much where a man goes that affects the Royal Geographers as what he sees there and what he has to say about it when he gets back. Wherever Mr. Ralph goes he sees all there is in sight, and all that he sees he makes visible to his readers.

One wishes Mr. Ralph might have been spared to go with Captain Borchgrevink's expedition, which started on December 19 from Hobart, Tasmania, for the south pole, for no one has succeeded as yet in making any particularly lively reading about the antarctic continent. Borchgrevink's expedition is the one which sailed last August from London at the cost of Sir George Newnes. A Belgian expedition, which passed the Strait of Magellan a year ago on the way to the antarctic should have come back to Melbourne last spring, but has not been heard of. If it has wintered safely on the antarctic continent, it is the first to do so.

In 1900 a strong German expedition will start for the antarctic, and the Royal Geographical Society greatly wishes to send a British expedition the same year. The society has raised £5000 towards the cost of it.

Warszawiak, the converted Jew, seems to be the Dreyfus of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He still clamors for more trials, and one of the reasons given for the delay in calling a successor to Dr. Hall is the need of first disposing of his case. The Presbyterian Synod has ordered the session of the Fifth Avenue Church to try him again, but on appeal to the General Assembly a stay was granted, which, in the opinion of the New York Presbytery, vacated the Synod's order. Meanwhile Warszawiak has gone into bankruptcy. He will probably have a new trial, which will be a sore one to the session, if only on account of the labor of it. One could almost believe the rumor that there are members of the session who privately feel that Warszawiak's conversion was an exceptionally inscrutable and perplexing providence, and are ready to doubt if it would not have been just as well for all hands if he had continued impenitent. A good many Jews have been successfully Christianized, as the late Lord Beaconsfield, and, presumably, the potent American family of Leiters, but the conversion of Jews as a missionary enterprise seems, so far as vulgar knowledge of it goes, not to be a particularly hopeful form of religious endeavor.

However, as the Warszawiak case now stands, there is doubt in the public mind whether the accused has not suffered injustice, and it would seem as if the synods and presbyteries and sessions involved were bound to clear the matter up, at whatever cost of time and trouble.

Last Thursday Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson received at his home in Cambridge the friends who came to congratulate him on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. Colonel Higginson might hope to be the dean of the active men of letters in America if it were not that Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Dr. Henry M. Field were born the year before him. Our Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard is his junior by a year or two.

The engrossing topic of interest in New York is the grip. Assurance is given that it has not been so prevalent for nine years as now, and the newspapers estimate (loosely) that there are 100,000 cases of it in town. Every one who has not got it watches his symptoms and wonders how long he will escape. In spite of it, the streets are full of people and the shops of buyers. New York seems somewhat more given over to the plague than other places, but it has by no means a monopoly of it. Vassar College has had it very extensively, and Yale College has reported four or five hundred cases. Washington complains too, and, indeed, the outcry is so widespread as to disturb the underpinning of the theory that it is a special judgment on Gotham for having such filthy streets. In quality it is light and comparatively harmless.

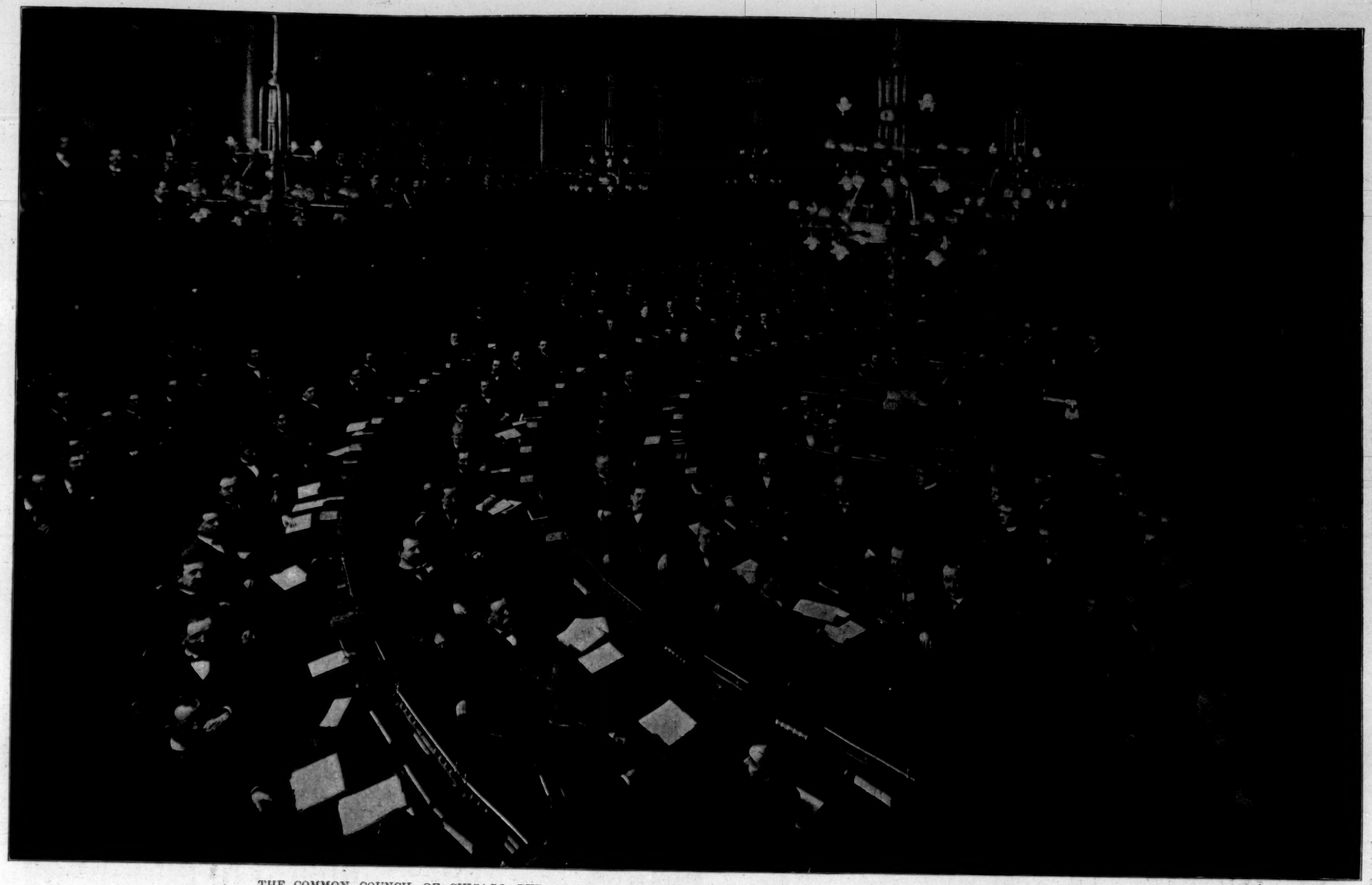
It is true, as has been reported, that a book on India by Lord Curzon, which was to have been issued by the Messrs. Harper, has been withdrawn by the author. It had been arranged that Harper & Brothers should publish the work, both in London and in New York. The withdrawal was sudden and unexpected, and is understood to have been due to the opinion of some one of the highest authority in matters of state that it would be inexpedient for the new Viceroy of India to publish a book on India on the eve of his departure to govern that dependency. The book, delayed for these reasons, will doubtless eventually see the light.

What are we to think of the recent newspaper stories about Lieutenant Hobson and the armies of women he has kissed in the West? Hobson has been ordered to Manila. He was with the President at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee on December 15. From there he went to Chicago, where he lectured on December 18. The newspapers aver that at the reception which he held after his lecture he kissed about one hundred and sixty young women. Thence he went west to San Francisco, and various despatches declare that he kissed his way across the continent, favoring some four or five hundred girls at Kansas City, hundreds more at Topeka, and so on, until his record when he reached the other shore must have run high up into the thousands.

Sometimes the stories that come East from the Mississippi and the district beyond are colored by the imagination. A year or two ago, for example, there were all those stories about the air-ships which were seen in flocks and coveys from Oregon to Texas, yet never materialized. Maybe these tales about Hobson are fables too, or are so greatly exaggerated as to be almost fabulous. We must hope so. Promiscuous kissing by the square rod is dreadfully unsanitary, for one thing; nor is the motive for it obvious, unless, to be sure, one is in politics, which Hobson is not, so far as is known

For half a year Hobson has been the most petted and belauded young man of his age in the United States. Everything conceivable has been done to turn his head and make him foolish. If he has been spoiled it is not surprising, but it is a great pity, for when he started in the *Merrimac* to block the channel at Santiago he was a fine young fellow and a good officer. Here's hoping that at Manila he may have a sufficiently protracted rest from ovations and all manner of disconcerting nonsense.

E. S. MARTIN.



THE COMMON COUNCIL OF CHICAGO—THE STORM CENTRE OF THE RECENT FIGHT AGAINST THE SURFACE-RAILROAD RING.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE R. LAWRENCE.

A NEVV YEAR'S WASSAIL.

Wallal, wallal, to our Town;
The Cup is white and the Ale is brown;
The Cup is made of the aſhen Tree,
And so is the Ale of the good Barley.
Little Maid, little Maid, turn the Pin,
Open the Door and let Vs in;
God be here, God be there,
I wiſh You all A Happy New Year.

[See Page 1296.]

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

XXXII.

MRS. BROOK remained alone for ten minutes, at the end of which her reflections—they would have been seen to be deep—were interrupted by the entrance of her husband. The interruption was indeed not so great as if the couple had not met, as they almost invariably met, in silence: she took, at all events, to begin with, no more account of his presence than to hand him a cup of tea accompanied with nothing but cream and sugar. Her having no word for him, however, committed her no more to implying that he had come in only for his refreshment than it would have committed her to say: "Here it is, Edward dear—just as you like it; so take it and sit down and be quiet." No spectator worth his salt could have seen them more than a little together without feeling how everything that, under his eyes or not, she either did or omitted rested on a profound acquaintance with his ways. They formed, Edward's ways, a chapter by themselves, of which Mrs. Brook was completely mistress, and in respect to which the only drawback was that a part of her credit was, by the nature of the case, predestined to remain obscure. So many of them were so queer that no one but she *could* know them, and know thereby into what crannies her reckoning had to penetrate. It was one of them, for instance, that if he was often most silent when most primed with matter, so when he had nothing to say he was always silent too—a peculiarity misleading, until mastered, for a lady who could have allowed in the latter case for almost any variety of remark. "What do you think," he said at last, "of his turning up to-day?"

"Of old Van's?"

"Oh, has *he* turned up?"

"Half an hour ago, and asking almost in his first breath for Nanda. I sent him up to her and he's with her now." If Edward had his ways she had also some of her own: one of which, in talk with him, if talk it could be called, was never to produce anything till the need was marked. She had thus a card or two always in reserve, for it was her theory that she never knew what might happen. It nevertheless did occur that he sometimes went, as she would have called it, one better.

"He's not with her now. I've just been with her."

"Then he didn't go up?" Mrs. Brook was immensely interested. "He left me, you know, to do so."

"Know?—how should I know? I left her five minutes ago."

"Then he went out without seeing her." Mrs. Brook took it in. "He changed his mind out there on the stairs."

"Well," said Edward, "it won't be the first mind that *has* been changed there. It's about the only thing a man *can* change."

"Do you refer particularly to *my* stairs?" she asked with her whimsical woe. But meanwhile she had taken it in. "Then whom were you speaking of?"

"Mr. Longdon's coming to tea with her. She has had a note."

"But when did he come to town?"

"Last night, I believe. The note, an hour or two ago, announced him—brought by hand and hoping she would be at home."

Mrs. Brook thought again. "I'm glad she is. He's too sweet. By hand!—it must have been so he sent them to mamma. He wouldn't for the world wire."

"Oh, Nanda has often wired to *him*," her father returned.

"Then she ought to be ashamed of herself. But how," said Mrs. Brook, "do you know?"

"Oh, I know when we're in a thing like this."

"Yet you complain of her want of intimacy with you! It turns out that you're as thick as thieves."

Edward looked at this charge as he looked at all old friends, without a sign—to call a sign—of recognition. "I don't know of whose want of intimacy with me I've ever complained. There isn't much more of it, that I can see, that any of them could put on. What do you suppose I'd have them do? If I, on my side, don't get very far, I may have alluded to *that*."

"Oh, but you do," Mrs. Brook declared. "You think you don't, but you get very far indeed. You're always, as I said just now bringing out something that you've got somewhere."

"Yes, and seeing you flare up at it. What I bring out is only what they tell me."

This limitation offered, however, for Mrs. Brook, no difficulty. "Ah, but it seems to me that with the things people nowadays tell one—! What more do you want?"

"Well"—and Edward, from his chair, fixed the fire a while—"the difference must be in what they tell *you*."

"Things that are better?"

"Yes—worse. I dare say," he went on, "what I give them—"

"Isn't as bad as what I do? Oh, we must each do our best. But when I hear from you," Mrs. Brook pursued, "that Nanda has ever permitted herself anything so dreadful as to wire to him, it comes over me afresh that *I* would have been the perfect one to deal with him if his detestation of me hadn't prevented." She was by this time also—but on her feet—before the fire, into which, like her husband, she gazed. "*I* would never have wired. I would have gone in for little delicacies and odd things she has never thought of."

"Oh, she doesn't go in for what you do," Edward assented.

"She's as bleak as a chimney-top when the fire's out, and if it hadn't been, after all, for mamma—" And she lost herself again in the reasons of things.

Her husband's silence seemed to mark for an instant a deference to her allusion, but there was a limit even to this combination. "You make your mother, I think, keep it up pretty well. But if she *hadn't*, as you say, done so—?"

"Why, we shouldn't have been anywhere."

"Well, where are we now? That's what *I* want to know."

Following her own train, she had at first no heed for his inquiry. "Without his hatred he would have liked me." But she came back, with a sigh, to the actual. "No matter. We must deal with what we've got."

"What *have* we got?" Edward continued.

Again with no ear for his question, his wife turned away, only, however, after taking a few vague steps, to approach him with new decision. "If Mr. Longdon is due, will you do me a favor? Will you go back to Nanda—before he arrives—and let her know, though not, of course, as from *me*, that Van has been here half an hour, has had it put well before him that she's up there and at liberty, and has left the house without seeing her?"

Edward Brookenham made no motion. "You don't like better to do it yourself?"

"If I liked better," said Mrs. Brook, "I would have already done it. The way to make it not come from me is surely not for me to give it to her. Besides, I want to be here to receive him first."

"Then can't she know it afterwards?"

"After Mr. Longdon has gone? The whole point is that she should know it in time to let *him* know it."

Edward still communed with the fire. "And what's the point of *that?*" Her impatience, which visibly increased, carried her away again, and by the time she reached the window he had launched another question. "Are you in such a hurry she should know that Van doesn't want her?"

"What do you call a hurry, when I've waited nearly a year? Nanda may know or not as she likes—may know whenever: if she doesn't know pretty well by this time she's too stupid for it to matter. My only pressure's for Mr. Longdon. She'll have it there for him when he arrives."

"You mean she'll make haste to tell him?"

Mrs. Brook, for a moment, raised her eyes to some upper immensity. "She'll mention it."

Her husband, on the other hand, with his legs outstretched, looked straight at the toes of his boots. "Are you very sure?" Then as he remained without an answer: "Why should she if he hasn't told *her*—"

"Of the way I so long ago let you know that he had put the matter to Van? It's not out between them in words, no doubt; but I fancy that, for things to pass, they've not to dot their i's quite so much, my dear, as we two. Without a syllable said to her, she's yet aware in every fibre of her little being of what has taken place."

Edward gave a still longer space to taking this in. "Poor little thing!"

"Does she strike you as so poor," Mrs. Brook asked, "with so awfully much done for her?"

"Done by whom?"

It was as if she had not heard the question that she spoke again. "She has got what every woman, young or old, wants."

"Really?"

Edward's tone was of wonder, but she simply went on. "She has got a man of her own."

"Well, but if he's the wrong one?"

"Do you call Mr. Longdon so very wrong? I wish," she declared with a strange sigh, "that *I* had had a Mr. Longdon!"

"I wish very much you had. I wouldn't have taken it like Van."

"Oh, it took Van," Mrs. Brook replied, "to put *them* where they are."

"But where *are* they? That's exactly it. In *these* three months, for instance," Edward demanded, "how has their connection profited?"

Mrs. Brook turned it over. "Profited which?"

"Well, one cares most for one's child."

"Then she has become for him what we've most hoped her to be—an object of compassion still more marked."

"Is that what you've hoped her to be?"

Mrs. Brook was obviously, for herself, so lucid that her renewed expression of impatience had plenty of point. "How can you ask after seeing what I did—"

"That night at Mrs. Grendon's? Well, it's the first time I *have* asked it."

Mrs. Brook had a silence more pregnant. "It's for being with *us* that he pities her."

Edward thought. "With me too?"

"Not so much—but still you help."

"I thought you thought I didn't—that night."

"At Tishy's? Oh, you didn't matter," said Mrs. Brook. "Everything, every one helps. Harold distinctly"—she seemed to figure it all out—"and even the poor children, I dare say, a little. Oh, but every one"—she warmed to the vision—"it's perfect. Jane immensely, *par exemple*. Almost the others who come to the house. Cashmore, Carrie, Tishy, Fanny—bless their hearts all!—each in their degree."

Edward Brookenham, under the influence of this demonstration, had gradually risen from his seat, and as his wife approached that part of her process which might be expected to furnish the proof he placed himself before her with his back to the fire. "And Mitchy, I suppose?"

But he was out. "No. Mitchy's different."

He wondered. "Different?"

"Not a help. Quite a drawback." Then as his face told how these *were* involutions, "you needn't understand, but you can believe me," she added. "The one who does most is of course Van himself." It was a statement by which his failure to apprehend was not diminished, and she completed her operation. "By not liking her."

Edward's gloom, on this, was not quite blankness, yet it was dense. "Do you like his not liking her?"

"Dear no. No better than *he* does."

"And he doesn't—?"

"Oh, he hates it."

"Of course I haven't asked him," Edward appeared to say more to himself than to his wife.

"And of course *I* haven't," she returned—not at all in this case, plainly, for herself. "But I know it. He'd like her if he could, but he can't. That," Mrs. Brook wound up, "is what makes it sure."

There was at last in Edward's gravity a positive pathos. "Sure he won't propose?"

"Sure Mr. Longdon won't now throw her over."

"Of course if it *is* sure—"

"Well?"

"Why, it is. But of course if it isn't—"

"Well?"

"Why, she won't have anything. Anything but *us*," he continued to reflect. "Unless, you know, you're working it on a certainty—"

"That's just what I *am* working it on. I did nothing till I knew I was safe."

"'Safe'?" he ambiguously echoed, while, on this, their eyes met longer.

"Safe. I knew he would stick."

"But how did you know Van wouldn't?"

"No matter 'how'—but better still. He hasn't stuck." She said it very simply, but she turned away from him.

His eyes, for a little, followed her. "We don't *know*, after all, the old chap's means."

"I don't know what you mean by 'we' don't. Nanda does."

"But where's the support if she doesn't tell us?"

Mrs. Brook, who had faced about, again turned from him. "I hope you don't forget," she remarked with superiority, "that we don't ask her."

"*You* don't?" Edward gloomed.

"Never. But I trust her."

"Yes," he mused afresh, "one must trust one's child. Does Van?" he then inquired.

"Does he trust her?"

"Does he know anything of the general figure?"

She hesitated. "Everything. It's high."

"He has told you so?"

Mrs. Brook, supremely impatient now, seemed to demur even to the question. "We ask *him* even less."

"Then how do we know?"

She was weary of explaining. "Because that's just why he hates it."

There was no end, however, apparently, to what Edward could take. "But hates what?"

"Why, not liking her."

Edward kept his back to the fire and his dead eyes on the cornice and the ceiling. "I shouldn't think it would be so difficult."

"Well, you see it isn't. Mr. Longdon can manage it."

"I don't see what the devil's the matter with her," he coldly continued.

"Ah, that may not prevent—! It's fortunately the source, at any rate, of half Mr. Longdon's interest."

"But what the hell *is* it?" he drearily demanded.

She faltered a little, but she brought it out. "It's *me*."

"And what's the matter with 'you'?"

She made, at this, a movement that drew his eyes to her own, and for a moment she dimly smiled at him. "That's the nicest thing you ever said to me. But ever, *ever*, you know."

"Is it?" She had her hand on his sleeve, and he looked almost awkward.

"Quite the very nicest. Consider that fact well, and, even if you only said it by accident, don't be funny—as you know you sometimes *can* be—and take it back. It's all right. It's charming, isn't it? when our troubles bring us more together. Now go up to her."

Edward kept a queer face, into which this succession of remarks introduced no light, but he finally moved, and it was only when he had almost reached the door that he stopped again. "Of course you know he has sent her no end of books."

"Mr. Longdon—of late? Oh yes, a deluge, so that her room looks like a bookseller's back shop: and all, in the loveliest bindings, the most standard English works. I not only know it, naturally, but I know—what you don't—why."

"'Why'?" Edward echoed. "Why but that—unless he should send her money—it's about the only kindness he can show her at a distance?"

Mrs. Brook hesitated; then, with a little suppressed sigh: "That's it."

But it still held him. "And perhaps he does send her money."

"No. Not now."

Edward lingered. "Then is he taking it out—"

"In books only?" It was wonderful—with its effect on him now visible—how she possessed her subject. "Yes, that's his delicacy—for the present."

"And you're not afraid for the future—?"

"Of his considering that the books will have worked it off? No. They're thrown in."

Just perceptibly cheered, he reached the door, where, however, he had another pause. "You don't think I had better see Van?"

She stared. "What for?"

"Why, to ask what the devil he means."

"If you should do anything so hideously vulgar," she instantly replied, "I would leave your house the next hour. Do you expect," she asked, "to be able to force your child down his throat?"

He was clearly not prepared with an account of his expectations, but he had a general memory that imposed itself. "Then why in the world did he make up to us?"

"He didn't. We made up to *him*."

"But why in the world—?"

"Well," said Mrs. Brook, really to finish, "we were in love with him."

"Oh!" Edward jerked. He had by this time opened the door, and the sound was partly the effect of the disclosure of a servant preceding a visitor. His greeting of the visitor before edging past and away was, however, of the briefest and might have implied that they had met but yesterday. "How d'ye do, Mitchy?—At home? Oh, rather!"

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XXXIII.

Very different was Mrs. Brook's welcome of the restored wanderer, to whom, in a brief space, she addressed every expression of surprise and delight, though marking indeed at last, as a qualification of these things, her regret that he declined to partake of her tea or to allow her to make him what she called "snug for a talk" in his customary corner of her sofa. He pleaded frankly agitation and embarrassment, reminded her even that he was awfully shy and that after separations, complications, whatever might at any time happen, he was conscious of the dust that had settled on intercourse and that he couldn't blow away in a single breath. She was only, according to her nature, to indulge him if, while he walked about and changed his place, he came to the surface but in patches and pieces. There was so much he wanted to know that—well, as they had arrived only the night before, she could judge. There was knowledge, it became clear, that Mrs. Brook almost equally craved, so that it even looked at first, as if, on either side, confidence might be choked by curiosity. This disaster was finally barred by the fact that the spirit of inquiry found for Mitchy material that was comparatively plastic. That was after all apparent enough when, at the end of a few vain passes, he brought out sociably: "Well, has he done it?"

Still indeed there was something in Mrs. Brook's face that seemed to reply "Oh come—don't rush it, you know!" and something in the movement with which she turned away that described the state of their question as by no means so simple as that. On his refusal of tea she had rung for the removal of the table, and the bell was at this moment answered by the two men. Little ensued then, for some minutes, while the servants were present; she spoke only as the butler was about to close the door. "If Mr. Longdon presently comes show him into Mr. Brookenham's room if Mr. Brookenham isn't there. If he is, show him into the dining-room, and in either case let me immediately know."

The man waited, expressionless. "And in case of his asking for Miss Brookenham—?"

"He won't!" she replied with a sharpness before which her interlocutor retired. "He will!" she then added in quite another tone to Mitchy. "That is, you know, he perfectly *may*. But oh the subtlety of servants!" she sighed.

Mitchy was now all there. "Mr. Longdon's in town then?"

"For the first time since you went away. He's to call this afternoon."

"And you want to see him alone?"

Mrs. Brook thought. "I don't think I want to see him at all."

"Then your keeping him below—?"

"Is so that he sha'n't burst in till I know. It's *you*, my dear, I want to see."

Mitchy glared about. "Well, don't take it ill if, in return for that, I say that I myself want to see every one. I could have done even, just now, with a little more of Edward."

Mrs. Brook, in her own manner and with a slow head-shake, looked lovely. "*I* couldn't." Then she puzzled it out with a pause: "It even does come over me that if you don't mind—"

"What, my dear woman," said Mitchy, encouragingly, "did I *ever* mind? I assure you," he laughed, "I haven't come back to begin!"

At this suddenly, dropping everything else, she laid her hand on him. "Mitchy love, *are* you happy?"

So for a moment they stood confronted. "Not perhaps as *you* would have tried to make me."

"Well, you've still *got* me, you know."

"Oh," said Mitchy, "I've got a great deal. How, if I really look at it, can a man of my peculiar nature—it *is*, you know, awfully peculiar—*not* be happy? Think, if one is driven to it, for instance, of the breadth of my sympathies."

Mrs. Brook, as a result of thinking, appeared for a little to demur. "Yes—but one mustn't be too much driven to it. It's by one's sympathies that one suffers. If you should do that, I couldn't bear it."

She clearly evoked for Mitchy a definite image. "It *would* be funny, wouldn't it? But you wouldn't have to. I'd go off and do it alone somewhere—in a dark room, I think, or on a desert island; at any rate where nobody should see. Where's the harm, moreover," he went on, "of any suffering that doesn't bore one, as I'm sure, however much its outer aspect might amuse some others, mine wouldn't bore me? What I should do in my desert island or my dark room, I feel, would be just to dance about with the thrill of it—which is exactly the exhibition of ludicrous gambols that I would fain have arranged to spare you. I assure you, dear Mrs. Brook," he wound up, "that I'm not in the least bored now. Everything is so interesting."

"You're beautiful!" she vaguely interposed.

But he pursued without heeding: "Was it perhaps what you had in your head that *I* should see him—?"

She came back but slowly, however, to the moment. "Mr. Longdon? Well, yes. You know he can't bear *me*—"

"Yes, yes"—Mitchy was almost eager.

It had already sent her off again. "You're too lovely. You *have* come back the same. It seemed to me," she after an instant explained, "that I wanted him to be seen—"

"Without inconvenience, as it were, either to himself or to you? Then," said Mitchy, who visibly felt that he had taken her up successfully, "it strikes me that I'm absolutely your man. It's delicious to come back to a use."

But she was much more dim about it. "Oh, what you've come back to!"

"It's just what I'm trying to get at. Van is still then where I left him?"

She was just silent. "Did you really believe he would move?"

Mitchy took a few turns, speaking almost with his back presented. "Well, with all the reasons—!" After which, while she watched him, he was before her again with a question. "Is it utterly off?"

"When was it ever really on?"

"Oh, I know your view, and that, I think," said Mitchy, "is the most extraordinary part of it. I can tell you it would have put *me* on."

"My view?" Mrs. Brook thought. "Have you forgotten that I had for you too a view that didn't?"

"Ah, but we didn't differ, you and I. It wasn't a defiance and a prophecy. You wanted *me*."

"I did indeed!" Mrs. Brook said simply.

"And you didn't want him. For *her*, I mean. So you risked showing it."

She looked surprised. "*Did* I?"

Again they were face to face. "Your candor's divine!"

She wondered. "Do you mean it was even then?"

Mitchy smiled at her till he was red. "It's exquisite now."

"Well," she presently returned, "I knew my Van!"

"*I* thought I knew 'yours' too," Mitchy said. Their eyes met a minute, and he added: "But I didn't." Then he exclaimed: "How you've worked it!"

She looked barely conscious. "'Worked it?'" After which, with a slightly sharper note: "How do you know—while you've been amusing yourself in places that I'd give my head to see again, but never shall—what I've been doing?"

"Well, I saw, you know, that night at Tishy's, just before we left England, your wonderful start. I got a look at your attitude, as it were, and your system."

Her eyes were now far away, and she spoke, after an instant, without moving them. "And didn't I, by the same token, get a look at yours?"

"Mine?" Mitchy thought, but seemed to doubt. "My dear child, I hadn't any then."

"You mean that it has formed itself—your system—since?"

He shook his head with decision. "I assure you I'm quite at sea. I've never had, and I have as little as ever now, anything but my general philosophy, which I won't attempt at present to go into and of which, moreover, I think you've had, first and last, your glimpses. What I made out in you that night was a perfect policy."

Mrs. Brook had another of her infantine stares. "Every one, that night, seems to have made out something! All I can say is, at any rate," she went on, "that in that case you were all far deeper than I was."

"It was just a blind instinct, without a programme or a scheme? Perhaps then, since it has so perfectly succeeded, the name doesn't matter. I'm lost, as I tell you," Mitchy declared, "in admiration of its success."

She looked, as before, so young, yet so grave. "What do you call its success?"

"Let me ask you rather—mayn't I?—what *you* call its failure."

Mrs. Brook, who had been standing for some minutes, seated herself, at this, as if to respond to his call. But the next moment she had fallen back into thought. "Have you often heard from him?"

"Never once."

"And have you written?"

"Not a word either. I left it, you see," Mitchy smiled, "all to *you*." After which he continued: "Has he been with you much?"

She just hesitated. "As little as possible. But, as it happens, he was here just now."

Her visitor fairly flushed. "And I've only missed him?"

Her pause again was of the briefest. "You wouldn't if he *had* gone up."

"'Gone up?'"

"To Nanda, who has now her own sitting-room, as you know, for whom he immediately asked, and for whose benefit, whatever you may think, I was, at the end of a quarter of an hour I assure you, perfectly ready to release him. He changed his mind, however, and went away without seeing her."

Mitchy showed the deepest interest. "And what made him change his mind?"

"Well, I'm thinking it out."

He appeared to watch this labor. "But with no light yet?"

"When it comes I'll tell you."

He hung fire, once more, but an instant. "You didn't, yourself, work the thing again?"

She rose, at this, in strange sincerity. "I think, you know, you go very far."

"Why, didn't we just now settle," he promptly replied, "that it's all instinctive and unconscious? If it was so that night at Tishy's—"

"Ah, *voyons, voyons*," she broke in, "what did I do even then?"

He laughed out at something in her tone. "You'd like it again all pictured—?"

"I'm not afraid."

"Why, you just simply—publicly—took her back."

"And where was the monstrosity of that?"

"In the one little right place. In your removal of every doubt—"

"Well, of what?" He had appeared not quite to know how to put it.

But he saw at last. "Why, of what we may still hope to do for her. Thanks to your care, there were specimens." Then as she had the look of trying vainly to focus a few, "I can't recover them one by one," he pursued, "but the whole thing was quite lurid enough to do us all credit."

She met him after a little, but at such an odd point. "Excuse me if I scarcely see how much of the credit was yours. For the first time since I've known you, you went in for decency."

Mitchy's surprise showed as real. "It struck you as decency—?"

Since he wished she thought it over. "Oh, your behavior—"

"My behavior was—my condition. Do you call *that* decent? No, you're quite out." He spoke, in his good-nature, with an approach to reproof. "How can I ever—"

But it had already brought her quite round, and to a firmer earth that she clearly preferred to tread. "Are things really bad with you, Mitch?"

"Well, I'll tell you how they are. But not now."

"Some other time?—on your honor?"

"You shall have them all. Don't be afraid."

She dimly smiled. "It will be like old times."

He rather demurred. "For you perhaps. But not for me."

In spite of what he said it did hold her, and her hand again almost caressed him. "But—till you do tell me—is it very, very dreadful?"

"That's just, perhaps, what I may have to get you to decide."

"Then shall I help you?" she eagerly asked.

"I think it will be quite in your line."

At the thought of her line—it sounded somehow so general—she released him a little with a sigh, yet still looking round, as it were, for possibilities. "Jane, you know, is in a state."

"Yes, Jane's in a state. That's a comfort!"

She continued in a manner to cling to him. "But is it your only one?"

He was very kind and patient. "Not perhaps quite."

"*I'm* a little of one?"

"My dear child, as you see."

Yes, she saw, but was still launched. "And shall you have recourse—?"

"To what?" he asked as she appeared to falter.

"I don't mean to anything violent. But shall you tell Nanda?"

Mitchy wondered. "Tell her—?"

"Well, everything. I think, you know," Mrs. Brook musingly observed, "that it would really serve her right."

Mitchy's silence, which lasted a minute, seemed to take the idea, but not perhaps quite to know what to do with it. "Ah, I'm afraid I shall never really serve her right!"

Just as he spoke the butler reappeared; at the sight of whom Mrs. Brook immediately guessed. "Mr. Longdon?"

"In Mr. Brookenham's room, ma'am. Mr. Brookenham has gone out."

"And where has he gone?"

"I think, ma'am, only for some evening papers."

She had an intense look for Mitchy; then she said to the man: "Ask him to wait three minutes—I'll ring;" turning again to her visitor as soon as they were alone. "You don't know how I'm trusting you!"

"Trusting me?"

"Why, if he comes up to you."

Mitchy thought. "Hadn't I better go down?"

"No—you may have Edward back. If you see him, you must see him here. If I don't myself, it's for a reason."

Mitchy again just sounded her. "His not, as you awhile ago hinted—"

"Yes, caring for what I say." She had a pause, but she brought it out. "He doesn't believe a word—"

"Of what you tell him?" Mitchy was splendid. "I see. And you want something said to him."

"Yes, that he'll take from *you*. Only it's for you," Mrs. Brook went on, "really and honestly, and as I trust you, to give it. But the comfort of you is that you'll do so if you promise."

Mitchy was infinitely struck. "But I haven't promised, eh? Of course I can't till I know what it is."

"It's to put before him—"

"Oh, I see: the situation."

"What has happened here to-day. Van's marked retreat, and how, with the time that has passed, it makes us at last know where we are. You of course, for yourself," Mrs. Brook wound up, "see that."

"Where we are?" Mitchy took a turn and came back. "But what then did Van come for? If you speak of a retreat, there must have been an advance."

"Oh," said Mrs. Brook, "he simply wanted not to look too brutal. After so much absence he *could* come."

"Well, if he established that he wasn't brutal, where was the retreat?"

"In his not going up to Nanda. He came—frankly—to do that, but made up his mind on second thoughts that he couldn't risk even being civil to her."

Mitchy had visibly warmed to his work. "Well, and what made the difference?"

She wondered. "What difference?"

"Why, of the effect, as you say, of his second thoughts. Thoughts of what?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Brook suddenly and as if it were quite simple—"I know *that!* Suspicions."

"And of whom?"

"Why, of *you*, you goose. Of your not having done—"

"Well, what?" he persisted as she paused.

"How shall I say it? The best thing for yourself. And of Nanda's feeling that. Don't you see?"

In the effort of seeing, or perhaps indeed in the full act of it, poor Mitchy glared as never before. "Do you mean Van's *jealous* of me?"

Pressed as she was, there was something in his face that momentarily hushed her. "There it is!" she achieved, however, at last.

"Of *me?*" Mitchy went on.

What was in his face so suddenly and strangely was the look of rising tears—at sight of which, as from a compunction as prompt, she showed a lovely flush. "There it is, there it is," she repeated. "You ask me for a reason, and it's the only one I see. Of course if you don't care," she added, "he needn't come up. He can go straight to Nanda."

Mitchy had turned away again as with the impulse of hiding the tears that had risen and that had not wholly disappeared even by the time he faced about. "Did Nanda know he was to come?"

"Mr. Longdon?"

"No, no. Was she expecting Van—?"

"My dear man," Mrs. Brook mildly wailed, "when can she have *not* been?"

Mitchy looked hard for an instant at the floor. "I mean does she know he has been and gone?"

Mrs. Brook, from where she stood and through the window, looked rather at the sky. "Her father will have told her."

"Her father?" Mitchy frankly wondered. "Is *he* in it?"

Mrs. Brook, at this, had a longer pause. "You assume, I suppose, Mitchy dear," she then quavered, that I put him up—"

"Put Edward up?" he broke in.

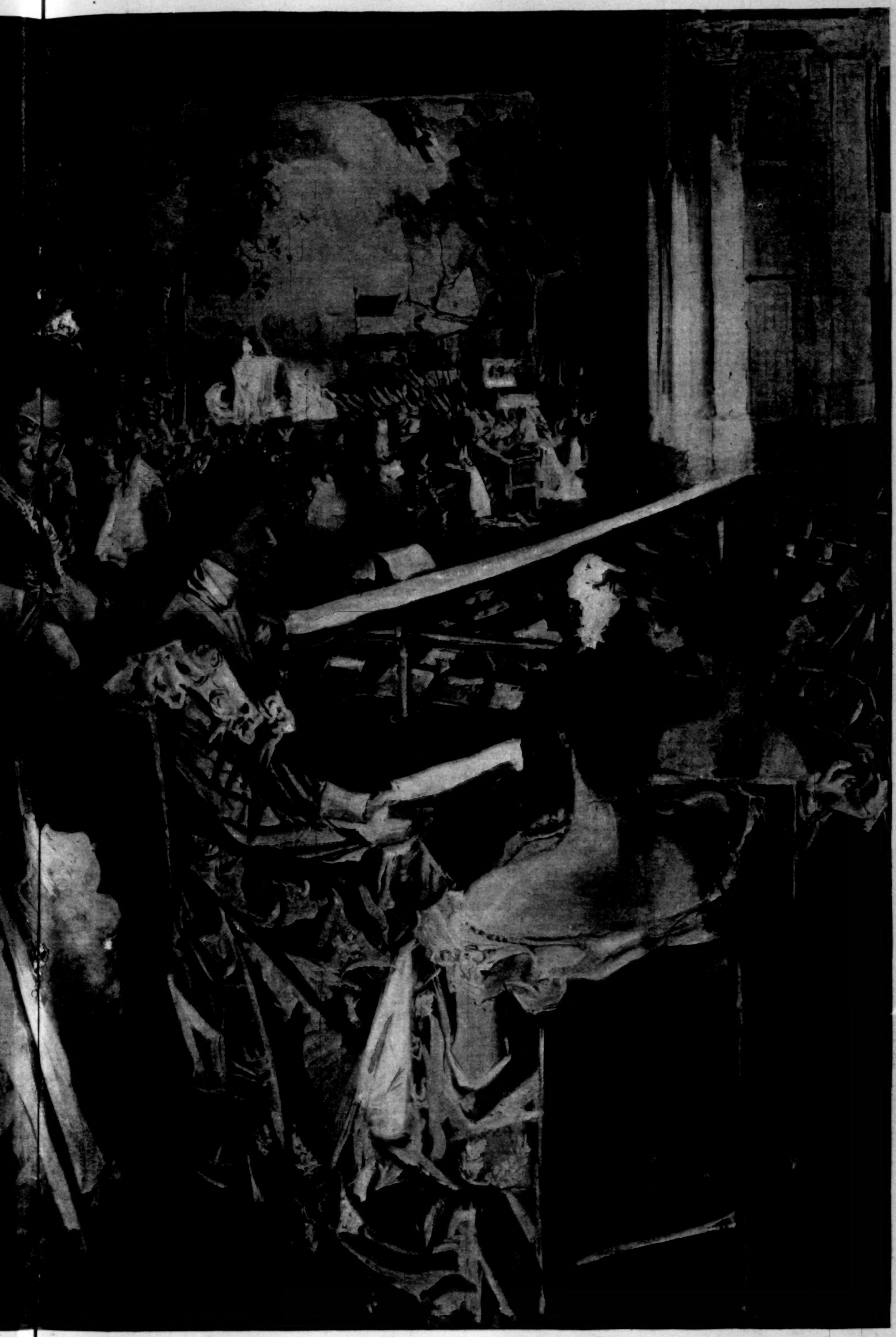
"No—that of course. Put Van up to ideas—"

He caught it again. "About *me*—what you call his suspicions?" He seemed to weigh the charge, but it ended, while he passed his hand hard over his eyes, in weariness and in the nearest approach to coldness he had ever shown Mrs. Brook. "It doesn't matter. It's every one's fate to be, in one way or another, the subject of ideas. Do then," he continued, "let Mr. Longdon come up."

She instantly rang the bell. "Then I'll go to Nanda. But don't look frightened," she added as she came back,

A NIGHT AT

A PRESENTATION OF "LOHENGRIN" AT THE NEW METRO



T AT THE OPERA.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"as to what we may—Edward or I—do next. It's only to tell her that he'll be with her."

"Good. I'll tell Tatton," Mitchy replied.

Still, however, she lingered. "Shall you ever care for me more?"

He had almost the air, as he waited for her to go, of the master of the house, for she had made herself before him, as he stood with his back to the fire, as humble as a relegated visitor. "Oh, just as much. Where's the difference? Aren't our ties in fact rather multiplied?"

"That's the way *I* want to feel it. And from the moment you recognize with me—"

"Yes?"

"Well, that he never, you know, really *would*—"

He took her mercifully up. "There's no harm done?" Mitchy thought of it.

It made her still hover. "Nanda will be rich. Toward that you *can* help, and it's really, I may now tell you, what it came into my head you should see our friend here *for*."

He maintained his waiting attitude. "Thanks, thanks."

"You're our guardian angel!" she exclaimed.

At this he laughed out. "Wait till you see what Mr. Longdon does!"

But she took no notice. "I want you to see before I go that I've done nothing for myself. Van, after all—" she mused.

"Well?"

"Only hates me. It isn't as with you," she said. "I've really lost *him*."

Mitchy, for an instant, with the eyes that had shown his tears, glared away into space. "He can't, very positively, you know, now like *any* of us. He misses a fortune."

"There it is!" Mrs. Brook once more observed. Then she had a comparative brightness. "I'm so glad *you* don't!" He gave another laugh, but she was already facing Mr. Tatton, who had again answered the bell. "Show Mr. Longdon up."

"I'm to tell him, then, it's at your request?" Mitchy asked when the butler had gone.

"That you receive him? Oh yes. He'll be the last to quarrel with that. But there's one more thing."

It was something over which, of a sudden, she had one of her returns of anxiety. "I've been trying for months and months to remember to find out from you—"

"Well, what?" he inquired, as she looked odd.

"Why, if Harold ever gave back to you, as he swore to me on his honor he would, that five-pound note—"

"But which, dear lady?" The sense of other incongruities than those they had been dealing with seemed to arrive now for Mitchy's aid.

"The one that, ages ago, one day when you and Van were here, we had the joke about. You produced it, in sport, as a 'fine' for something, and put it on that table; after which, before I knew what you were about, before I could run after you, you had gone off and ridiculously left it. Of course, the next minute—and again before I could turn round—Harold had pounced on it, and I tried in vain to recover it from him. But all I could get him to do—"

"Was to promise to restore it straight to its owner?" Mitchy had listened so much less in surprise than in amusement that he had apparently, after a moment, reestablished the scene. "Oh, I recollect—he did settle with me. *That's* all right."

She fixed him from the door of the next room. "You got every penny?"

"Every penny. But fancy your bringing it up!"

"Ah, I always do, you know, *some* day."

"Yes, you're of a rigor—! But be at peace. Harold's *en règle*," he went on, "and I quite meant to have asked you about him."

Mrs. Brook, promptly, was all for this. "Oh, it's all right."

Mitchy came nearer. "Lady Fanny—?"

"Yes—*has* staid for him."

"Ah," said Mitchy, "I knew you'd do it! But hush—they're coming!" On which, while she whisked away, he went back to the fire.

XXXIV.

Ten minutes of talk with Mr. Longdon by Mrs. Brookenham's hearth elapsed, for Mitchy, without his arriving at the right moment to take up the business so richly put before him in his previous interview. No less time indeed could have sufficed to bring him into closer relation with this affair, and nothing, at first, could have been more marked than the earnestness of his care not to show impatience of inquiries that were, for a person of his old friend's general style, simple recognitions and decencies. There was a limit to the mere allusiveness with which, in Mr. Longdon's school of manners, a foreign tour might be treated, and Mitchy, no doubt, plentifully showed that none of his frequent returns had encountered a curiosity at once so explicit and so discreet. To belong to a circle in which most of the members might be at any moment on the other side of the globe was inevitably to fall into the habit of few questions, as well as into that of making up for their fewness by their freedom. This interlocutor, in short, while Mrs. Brook's representative privately thought over all he had in hand, went at some length and very charmingly—since it was but a tribute to common courtesy—into the Virgilian associations of the Bay of Naples. Finally, however, he started, his eye on the clock. "I'm afraid that, though our hostess doesn't appear, I mustn't forget myself. I too came back but yesterday and I've an engagement—for which I'm already late—with Miss Brookenham, who has been so good as to ask me to tea."

The divided mind, the express civility, the decent "Miss Brookenham," the escape from their hostess—these were all things Mitchy could quickly take in, and they gave him in a moment his light for not missing his occasion. "I see, I see—I shall make you keep Nanda waiting. But there's something I shall ask you to take from me as quite a sufficient basis for that: which is simply that after all, you know—for I think you do know, don't you?—I'm nearly as much attached to her as you are."

Mr. Longdon had looked suddenly apprehensive and even a trifle embarrassed, but he spoke with due presence of mind. "Of course I understand that perfectly. If you hadn't liked her so much—"

"Well?" said Mitchy, as he checked himself.

"I would never, last year, have gone to stay with you."

"Thank you!" Mitchy laughed.

"Though I like you also—and extremely," Mr. Longdon gravely pursued, "for yourself."

Mitchy made a sign of acknowledgment. "You like me better for *her* than you do for anybody else *but* myself."

"You put it, I think, correctly. Of course I've not seen so much of Nanda—if between my age and hers, that is, any real contact is possible—without knowing that she now regards you as one of the very best of her friends, treating you, I almost fancy, with a degree of confidence—"

Mitchy gave a laugh of interruption. "That she doesn't show even to you?"

Mr. Longdon's poised glasses faced him. "Even! I don't mind," the old man went on, "as the opportunity has come up, telling you frankly—and as from my time of life to your own—all the comfort I take in the sense that in any case of need or trouble she might look to you for whatever advice or support the affair might demand."

"She has told you she feels I'd be there?" Mitchy after an instant asked.

"I'm not sure," his friend replied, "that I ought quite to mention anything she has 'told' me. I speak of what I've made out for myself."

"Then I thank you more than I can say for your penetration. Her mother, I should let you know," Mitchy continued, "is with her just now."

Mr. Longdon, with a jerk, took off his glasses. "Has anything happened to her?"

"To account for the fact I refer to?" Mitchy said in amusement at his start. "She's not ill, that I know of, thank goodness, and she has not broken her leg. But something, none the less, has happened to her—that, I think, I may say. To tell you all, in a word, it's the reason, such as it is, of my being here to meet you. Mrs. Brook asked me to wait. She'll see you herself some other time."

Mr. Longdon wondered. "And Nanda too?"

"Oh, that must be between yourselves. Only, while I keep you here—"

"She understands my delay?"

Mitchy thought. "Mrs. Brook must have explained." Then as his companion took this in silence, "But you don't like it?" he inquired.

"It only comes to me that Mrs. Brook's explanations—!"

"Are often odd? Oh yes. But Nanda, you know, allows for that oddity. And Mrs. Brook, by the same token," Mitchy developed, "knows herself—no one better—what may frequently be thought of it. That's precisely the reason of her desire that you should have, on this occasion, explanations from a source that she's so good as to pronounce, for the immediate purpose, superior. As for Nanda," he wound up, "to be aware that we're here together won't strike her as so bad a sign."

"No," Mr. Longdon attentively assented; "she'll hardly fear we're plotting her ruin. But what has happened to her?" he more sharply demanded.

"Well," said Mitchy, "it's you, I think, who will have to give it a name. I know you know what I've known."

Mr. Longdon, with his nippers again placed, hesitated. "Yes, I know."

"And you've accepted it."

"How could I help it? To reckon with such cleverness—"

"Was beyond you? Ah, it wasn't my cleverness," Mitchy said. "There's a greater than mine. There's a greater even than Van's. That's the whole point," he went on while his friend looked at him hard. "You don't even like it just a little?"

Mr. Longdon wondered. "The existence of such an element—?"

"No; the existence, simply, of my knowledge of your idea."

"I suppose I'm bound to keep in mind in fairness the existence of my own knowledge of yours."

But Mitchy gave that the go-by. "Oh, I've so many 'ideas'! I'm always getting hold of some new one and, for the most part, trying it—generally to let it go as a failure. Yes, I had one six months ago. I tried that. I'm trying it still."

"Then I hope," said Mr. Longdon, with a gayety slightly strained, "that, contrary to your usual rule, it's a success."

It was a gayety, for that matter, that Mitchy's could match. "It does promise well! But I've another idea even now, and it's just what I'm again trying."

"On me?" Mr. Longdon still somewhat extravagantly smiled.

Mitchy thought. "Well, on two or three persons, of whom you *are* the first for me to tackle. But what I must begin with is having from you that you recognize she trusts us."

"Nanda?"

Mitchy's idea, after an instant, had visibly gone further. "Both of them—the two women, up there, at present so strangely together. Mrs. Brook must too, immensely. But for that you won't care."

Mr. Longdon had relapsed into an anxiety more natural than his expression of a moment before. "It's about time! But if Nanda didn't trust us," he went on, "her case would indeed be a sorry one. She has nobody else."

"Yes." Mitchy's concurrence was grave. "Only you and me."

"Only you and me."

The eyes of the two men met over it in a pause terminated at last by Mitchy's saying: "We must make it all up to her."

"Is that your idea?"

"Ah," said Mitchy gently, "don't laugh at it."

His friend's gray gloom again covered him. "But what *can*—?" Then as Mitchy showed a face that seemed to wince with a silent "What *could?*" the old man completed his objection. "Think of the magnitude of the loss."

"Oh, I don't for a moment suggest," Mitchy hastened to reply, "that it isn't immense."

"She does care for him, you know," said Mr. Longdon.

Mitchy, at this, gave a long, wide glare. "'Know—?'" he ever so delicately murmured.

His irony had quite touched. "But of course you know! You know everything—Nanda and you."

There was a tone in it that moved a spring, and Mitchy laughed out. "I like your putting me with her! But we're all together. With Nanda," he next added, "it *is* deep."

His companion took it from him. "Deep."

"And yet somehow it isn't abject."

The old man wondered. "'Abject'?"

"I mean it isn't pitiful. In its way," Mitchy developed, "it's happy."

This too, though rather ruefully, Mr. Longdon could take from him. "Yes—in its way."

"Any passion so great, so complete," Mitchy went on, "is—satisfied or unsatisfied—a life." Mr. Longdon looked so interested that his fellow-visitor, evidently touched by what was now an appeal and a dependence, grew still more bland, or at least more assured, for affirmation. "She's not *too* sorry for herself."

"Ah, she's so proud!"

"Yes, but that's a help."

"Oh—not for *us!*"

It arrested Mitchy, but his ingenuity could only rebound. "In *one* way: that of reducing us to feel that the desire to 'make up' to her is—well, mainly for *our* relief. If she 'trusts' us, as I said just now, it isn't for *that* she does so." As his friend appeared to wait then to hear, it was presently with positive joy that he showed he could meet the last difficulty. "What she trusts us to do"—oh, Mitchy had worked it out!—"is to let *him* off."

"Let him off?" It still left Mr. Longdon dim.

"Easily. That's all."

"But what would letting him off hard be? It seems to me he's—on any terms—already beyond us. He *is* off."

Mr. Longdon had given it a sound that suddenly made Mitchy appear to collapse under a sharper sense of the matter. "He *is* off," he moodily echoed.

His companion, again a little bewildered, watched him; then with impatience: "Do, please, tell me what has happened."

He quickly pulled himself round. "Well, he was, after a long absence, here a while since, as if expressly to see her. But after spending half an hour, he went away without it."

Mr. Longdon's watch continued. "He spent the half-hour with her mother instead?"

"Oh, 'instead'—it was hardly that. He at all events dropped his idea."

"And what had it been, his idea?"

"You speak as if he had as many as I!" Mitchy replied. "In a manner indeed he has," he continued as if for himself. "But they're of a different kind," he said to Mr. Longdon.

"What had it been, his idea?" the old man, however, simply repeated.

Mitchy's confession, at this, seemed to explain his previous evasion. "We shall never know."

Mr. Longdon hesitated. "He won't tell *you?*"

"Me?" Mitchy had a pause. "Less than any one."

Many things they had not spoken had already passed between them, and something, evidently, to the sense of each, passed during the moment that followed this. "While you were abroad," Mr. Longdon presently asked, "did you hear from him?"

"Never. And I wrote nothing."

"Like me," said Mr. Longdon. "I've neither written nor heard."

"Ah, but with you it will be different." Mr. Longdon, as if with the outbreak of an agitation hitherto controlled, had turned abruptly away and, with the usual swing of his glass, begun almost wildly to wander. "You *will* hear."

"I shall be curious."

"Oh, but what Nanda wants, you know, is that you shouldn't be too much so."

Mr. Longdon thoughtfully rambled. "Too much—?"

"To let him off, as we were saying, easily."

The elder man, for a while, said nothing more, but he at last came back. "She'd like me actually to give him something?"

"I dare say!"

"Money?"

Mitchy smiled. "A handsome present." They were face to face again, with more mute interchange. "She doesn't want *him* to have lost—!" Mr. Longdon, however, on this, once more broke off while Mitchy's eyes followed him. "Doesn't it give a sort of measure of what she may feel—?"

He had paused, working it out again, with the effect of his friend's returning afresh to be fed with his light. "Doesn't what give it?"

"Why, the fact that we still like him."

Mr. Longdon stared. "Do *you* still like him?"

"If I didn't how should I mind—?" But on the utterance of it Mitchy fairly pulled up.

His companion, after another look, laid a mild hand on his shoulder. "What is it you mind?"

"From *him?* Oh, nothing!" He could trust himself again. "There are people like that—great cases of privilege."

"He *is* one!" Mr. Longdon mused.

"There it is. They go through life, somehow, guaranteed. They can't help pleasing."

"Ah," Mr. Longdon murmured, "if it hadn't been for that—!"

"They hold, they keep every one," Mitchy went on. "It's the sacred awe."

The companions, for a little, seemed to stand together in this element; after which the elder turned once more away and appeared to continue to walk in it. "Poor Nanda!" then, in a far-off sigh, came across from him to Mitchy. Mitchy, on this, turned vaguely around to the fire, into which he remained gazing till he heard again Mr. Longdon's voice. "I knew it, of course, after all. It was what I came up for. That night, before you went, at Mrs. Grendon's—"

"Yes?"—Mitchy was with him again.

"Well, it made me see the future. It was then already too late."

Mitchy assented with emphasis. "Too late. She was spoiled for him."

If Mr. Longdon had to take it, he took it at least quietly, only saying after a time: "And her mother *isn't?*"

"Oh yes. Quite."

"And does she know it?"

"Yes, but doesn't mind. She resembles you and me. She 'still likes' him."

"But what good will that do her?"

Mitchy sketched a shrug. "What good does it do *us?*"

Mr. Longdon thought. "We can at least respect ourselves."

"*Can* we?" Mitchy smiled.

"And *he* can respect us," his friend, as if not hearing him, went on.

Mitchy seemed almost to demur. "He must think we're queer."

"Well, Mrs. Brook's worse than 'queer.' He can't respect *her*."

"Oh, that will be perhaps," Mitchy laughed, "what she'll get just most out of!" It was the first time, however, of Mr. Longdon's showing that, even after a minute, he had not understood him; so that, as quickly as possible, he passed to another point. "If you do anything, may I be in it?"

"But what can I do? If it's over it's over."

"For *him*, yes. But not for her or for you or for me."

"Oh, I'm not for long!" the old man wearily said, turning the next moment to the door, at which one of the footmen had appeared.

"Mrs. Brookenham's compliments, please sir," this messenger articulated, "and Miss Brookenham is now alone."

"Thanks—I'll come up."

The servant withdrew, and the eyes of the two visitors again met for a minute, after which Mitchy looked about for his hat. "Good-by. I'll go."

Mr. Longdon watched him while, having found his hat, he looked about for his stick. "You want to be in *everything?*"

Mitchy, without answering, smoothed his hat down; then he replied: "You say you're not for long, but you won't abandon her."

"Oh, I mean I sha'n't last forever."

"Well, since you so expressed it yourself, that's what I mean too. I assure you *I* sha'n't desert her. And if I can help you—"

"Help me?" Mr. Longdon interrupted, looking at him hard.

It made him a little awkward. "Help you to help her, you know—!"

"You're very wonderful," Mr. Longdon presently returned. "A year and a half ago you wanted to help me to help Mr. Vanderbank."

"Well," said Mitchy, "you can't quite say I haven't."

"But your ideas of help are of a splendor!"

"Oh, I've told you about my ideas." Mitchy was almost apologetic.

Mr. Longdon hesitated. "I suppose I'm not indiscreet then in recognizing your marriage as one of them. And that, with a responsibility so great already assumed, you appear fairly eager for another—"

"Makes me out a kind of monster of benevolence?" Mitchy looked at it with a flushed face. "The two responsibilities are very much one and the same. My marriage has brought me, as it were, only nearer to Nanda. My wife and she, don't you see? are particular friends."

Mr. Longdon, on his side, turned a trifle pale; he looked rather hard at the floor. "I see—I see." Then he raised his eyes. "But—to an old fellow like me—it's all so strange."

"It *is* strange." Mitchy spoke very kindly. "But it's all right."

Mr. Longdon gave a head-shake that was both sad and sharp. "It's all wrong. But *you're* all right!" he added in a different tone as he walked hastily away.

XXXV.

Nanda Brookenham, for a fortnight after Mr. Longdon's return, had found much to think of; but the bustle of business became, visibly for us, particularly great with her on a certain Friday afternoon in June. She was in unusual possession of that chamber of comfort in which so much of her life had lately been passed, the redecorated and rededicated room, upstairs, in which she had enjoyed a due measure both of solitude and society. Passing the objects about her in review, she gave especial attention to her rather marked wealth of books; changed repeatedly, for five minutes, the position of various volumes, transferred to tables those that were on shelves and rearranged shelves with an eye to the effect of backs. She was flagrantly engaged throughout indeed in the study of effect, which moreover, had the law of an extreme freshness not inveterately prevailed there, might have been observed to be traceable in the very detail of her own appearance. "Company," in short, was in the air and expectation in the picture. The flowers on the little tables bloomed with a consciousness sharply taken up by the glitter of knickknacks and reproduced, in turn, in the light exuberance of cushions on sofas, and the measured drop of blinds in windows. The friends in the photographs in particular were highly prepared, with small intense faces, each, that happened in every case to be turned to the door. The pair of eyes most dilated perhaps was that of old Van, present under a polished glass and in a frame of gilt-edged morocco that spoke out, across the room, of Piccadilly and Christmas, and visibly widening his gaze at the opening of the door, the announcement of a name by a footman and the entrance of a gentleman remarkably like him save as the resemblance was, on the gentleman's part, flattered. Vanderbank had not been in the room ten seconds before he showed that he had arrived to be kind. Kindness therefore becomes for us, by a quick turn of the glass that reflects the whole scene, the high pitch of the concert—a kindness that almost immediately filled the place, to the exclusion of everything else, with a familiar, friendly voice, a brightness of good looks and good intentions, a constant, though perhaps sometimes misapplied, laugh, a superabundance, almost, of interest, inattention and movement.

The first thing the young man said was that he was tremendously glad she had written. "I think it was most particularly nice of you." And this thought, precisely, seemed, as he spoke, a flower of the general bloom—as if the niceness he had brought in was so great that it straightway converted everything to its image. "The only thing that upset me a little," he went on, "was your saying that, before writing it, you had so hesitated and waited. I hope very much, you know, that you'll never do anything of that kind again. If you've ever the slightest desire to see me—for no matter what reason; if there's ever the smallest thing of any sort that I can do for you, I promise you I sha'n't easily forgive you if you stand on ceremony. It seems to me that when people have known each other as long as you and I, there's one comfort at least they may treat themselves to. I mean of course," Van developed, "that of being easy and frank and natural. There are such a lot of relations in which one isn't, in which it doesn't pay, in which 'ease,' in fact, would be the greatest of troubles and 'nature' the greatest of falsities. However," he continued, while he suddenly got up to change the place in which he had put his hat, "I don't really know why I'm preaching at such a rate, for I've a perfect consciousness of not myself requiring it. One does, half the time, preach more or less for one's self, eh? I'm not mistaken, at all events, I think, about the right thing with *you*. And a hint's enough for you, I'm sure, on the right thing with me." He had been looking all round while he talked, and had twice shifted his seat; so that it was quite in consonance with his general admiring notice that the next impression he broke out with should have achieved some air of relevance. "What extraordinarily lovely flowers you have and how charming you've made everything! You're always doing something—women are always changing the position of their furniture. If you happen to come in in the dark—no matter how well you know the place—you sit down on a teacup or a puppy-dog. But of course, you'll say, one doesn't come in in the dark, or at least, if one does, deserves what one gets. Only you know the way some women keep their rooms. I'm bound to say *you* don't, do you?—you don't go in for flower-pots in the windows and curtains on curtains. Why *should* you? You *have* got a lot to show!" He rose, with this, for the third time, as the better to command the scene. "What I mean is that sofa—which, by-the-way, is awfully good: you do, my dear Nanda, go it! It certainly was *here*, the last time, wasn't it? and this thing was there. The last time—I mean the last time I was up here—was fearfully long ago: when, by-the-way, *was* it? But you see I *have* been and that I remember it. And you've a lot more things now. You're laying up treasure. Really, the increase of luxury—! What an awfully jolly lot of books—have you read them all? Where did you learn so much about bindings?"

He continued to talk; he took things up and put them down; Nanda sat in her place, where her stillness, fixed and colorless, contrasted with his rather flushed freedom, and appeared only to wait, half in surprise, half in surrender, for the flow of his suggestiveness to run its course, so that, having herself provoked the occasion, she might do a little more to meet it. It was by no means, however, that his presence, in any degree, ceased to prevail; for there were minutes during which her face, the only thing in her that moved, turning with his turns and following his glances, actually had a look inconsistent with anything but submission to almost any accident. It might have expressed a desire for his talk to last and last, an acceptance of any treatment of the hour or any version, or want of version, of her act that would best suit his ease, even in fact a resigned prevision of the occurrence of something that would leave her, quenched and blank, with the appearance of having made him come simply that she might look at him. She might indeed well have been aware of an inability to look at him little enough to make it flagrant that she had appealed to him for something quite different. Keeping the situation meanwhile thus in his hands, he recognized, over the chimney, a new alteration. "There used to be a big print—wasn't there? a thing of the fifties—we had lots of them at home; some place or other 'in the olden time.' And now there's that lovely French glass. So you see." He spoke as if she had in some way gainsaid him, whereas he had not left her time even to answer a question. But he broke out anew on the beauty of her flowers. "You have awfully good ones—where do you get them? Flowers and pictures and—what are the other things people have when they're happy and superior?—books and birds. You ought to have a bird or two, though I dare say you think that by the noise I make I'm as good myself as a dozen. Isn't there some girl in some story—it isn't Scott; what is it?—who had domestic difficulties and a cage in her window and whom one associates with chickweed and virtue? It isn't Esmeralda—Esmeralda had a poodle, hadn't she?—or have I got my heroines mixed? You're up here yourself like a heroine; you're perched in your tower or what do you call it?—your bower. You quite hang over the place, you know—the great wicked city, the wonderful London sky and the monuments looming through: or am I again only muddling up my Zola? You must have the sunsets—haven't you? No—what am I talking about? Of course you look north. Well, they strike me as about the only thing you haven't. At the same time, it's not only because I envy you that I feel humiliated. I ought to have sent you some flowers." He smote himself with horror, throwing back his head with a sudden thought. "Why in goodness, when I got your note, didn't I for once in my life do something really graceful? I simply liked it and answered it. Here I am. But I've brought nothing. I haven't even brought a box of sweets. I'm not a man of the world."

"Most of the flowers here," Nanda at last said, "come from Mr. Longdon. Don't you remember his garden?"

Vanderbank, in quick response, called it up. "Dear yes—wasn't it charming? And that morning you and I spent there"—he was so careful to be easy about it—"talking under the trees."

"You had gone out to be quiet and read—"

"And you came out to look after me. Well, I remember," Van went on, "that we had some good talk."

The talk, Nanda's face implied, had become dim to her; but there were other things. "You know he's a great gardener—I mean really one of the greatest. His garden is like a dinner in a house where the person—the person of the house—thoroughly knows and cares."

"I see. And he sends you dishes from the table."

"Often—every week. That is, now that he's in town, his gardener does it."

"Charming of them both!" Vanderbank exclaimed. "But his gardener—that extraordinarily tall fellow with the long red beard—was almost as nice as himself. I had talks with *him* too, and I remember every word he said. I remember he told me you asked questions that showed 'a deal of study.' But I thought I had never seen, all round, such a charming lot of people—I mean as those, down there, that our friend has got about him. It's an awfully good note for a man, pleasant servants, I always think, don't you? Mr. Longdon's—and quite without their saying anything; just from the sort of type and manner they had—struck me as a kind of chorus of praise. The same with Mitchy's, at Mertle, I remember," Van rambled on. "Mitchy's the sort of chap who might have awful ones, but I recollect telling him that one quite felt as if it were with *them* one had come to stay. Good note, good note," he cheerfully repeated. "I'm bound to say, you know," he continued in this key, "that you've a jolly sense for getting in with people who make you comfortable. Then, by-the-way, he's still in town?"

Nanda hesitated. "Do you mean Mr. Mitchy?"

"Oh, *he* is, I know—I met them two nights ago; and by-the-way again—don't let me forget—I want to speak to you about his wife. But I've not seen, do you know? Mr. Longdon—which is really too awful. Twice, thrice I think, have I at moments like this one snatched myself from pressure; but there's no finding the old demon at any earthly hour. When do *you* go—or does he only come here? Of course I see you've got the place arranged for him. When I asked at his hotel at what hour he ever *was* in, blest if the fellow didn't say 'Very often, sir, about ten!' And when I said 'Ten P.M.?' he quite laughed at my innocence over a person of such habits. What *are* his habits then now, and what are you putting him up to? Seriously," Vanderbank pursued, "I *am* awfully sorry, and I wonder if, the first time you've a chance, you'd kindly tell him you've heard me say so and that I mean yet to run him to earth. The same, really, with the Mitchys. I didn't, somehow, the other night, in such a lot of people, get at them. But I sat opposite to Aggie all through dinner, and that puts me in mind. I should like volumes from you about Aggie, please. It's too revolting of me not to go to see her. But every one knows I'm busy. We're up to our necks!"

"I can't tell you," said Nanda, "how kind I think it of you to have found, with all you have to do, a moment for *this*. But please, without delay, let me tell you—"

Practically, however, he would let her tell him nothing; his almost aggressive friendly optimism clung so to references of short range. "Don't mention it, please. It's too charming of you to squeeze me in. To see *you*, moreover, does me good. Quite distinct good. And your writing me touched me—oh, but really. There were all sorts of old things in it." Then he broke out, once more, on her books, one of which, for some minutes past, he had held in his hand. "I see you go in for sets—and, my dear child, upon my word, I see, *big* sets. What's this?—'Vol. 23: The British Poets.' Vol. 23 is delightful—do tell me about Vol. 23. Are you doing much in the British Poets? But when the deuce, you wonderful being, do you find time to read? *I* don't find any—it's too hideous. One relapses, in London, into illiteracy and barbarism. I have to keep up a false glitter to hide, in conversation, my rapidly increasing ignorance: I should be so ashamed, after all, to see other people *not* shocked by it. But teach me, teach me!" he gayly went on.

"The British Poets," Nanda immediately answered, "were given me by Mr. Longdon, who has given me all the good books I have except a few—those in that top row—that have been given me at different times by Mr. Mitchy. Mr. Mitchy has sent me flowers too, as well as Mr. Longdon. And they're both—since we've spoken of my seeing them—coming, by appointment, this afternoon; not together, but Mr. Mitchy at 5.30 and Mr. Longdon at 6.30."

She had spoken as with conscious promptitude, making up for what she had not yet succeeded in saying by a quick, complete statement of her case. She was evidently also going on with more, but her actual visitor, with a laugh, had already taken her up. "You *are* making a day of it, and you run us like railway trains!" He looked at his watch. "Have *I* then time?"

"It seems to me I should say 'Have *I*?' But it's not half past four," Nanda went on, "and though I've something very particular, of course, to say to you, it won't take long. They don't bring tea till five, and you must surely stay till that. I had already written to you when they each, for the same reason, proposed this afternoon. They go out of town to-morrow for Sunday."

"Oh, I see—and they have to see you first. What an influence you exert, you know, on people's behavior!"

She continued as literal as her friend was facetious: "Well, it just happened so, and it didn't matter, since, on my asking you, don't you know? to choose your time, you had taken, as suiting you best, this comparatively early hour."

"Oh, perfectly." But he again had his watch out. "I've a job, perversely—that was my reason—on the other side of the world; which, by-the-way, I'm afraid, won't permit me to wait for tea. My tea doesn't matter." The watch went back to his pocket. "I'm sorry to say I must be off before five. It has been delightful at all events to see you again."

He was on his feet as he spoke, and though he had been half the time on his feet his last words gave the effect of his moving almost immediately to the door. It appeared to come out with them rather clearer than before that he was embarrassed enough really to need help, and it was doubtless the measure she after an instant took of this that enabled Nanda, with a quietness all her own, to draw to herself a little more of the situation. The quietness was plainly determined for her by a quick vision of its being the best assistance she could show. Had he an inward terror that explained his superficial nervousness, the incoherence of a loquacity designed, it would seem, to check, in each direction, her advance? He only fed it, in that case, by allowing his precautionary benevolence to put him in so much deeper. Where indeed could he have supposed that she wanted to come out, and what that she could ever do for him would really be so beautiful as this present chance to smooth his confusion and add as much as possible to that refined satisfaction with himself which would proceed from his having dealt with a difficult hour in a gallant and delicate way? To force upon him an awkwardness was like forcing a disfigurement or a hurt, so that at the end of a minute during which the expression of her face became a kind of uplifted view of her opportunity, she arrived at the appearance of having changed places with him and of their being together precisely in order that he—not she—should be let down easily. Some such quick passage of things is at any rate no more than a fair translation of the expression just mentioned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE LAST CAR—DEADHEAD PASSENGERS.

Drawn by Peter Newell.

WASSAILING.

In England the customs surrounding the birth of a new year have for many ages been observed with singularly festive demonstrations, and many interesting ceremonies and superstitions connected with it are preserved from ancient times to the present day.

Hence wassailing, an ancient Anglo-Saxon ceremony, and one of the most universal and picturesque of New-Year's customs, is still practised in many parts of England. The name is derived from *wes hâl*, meaning "be of good health"—literally, "be hale"—and was used as a salutation of good-will in drinking and toasting on festive occasions, the usual form of reply being *drinc hâl*, meaning broadly, "drink, and good luck be with you."

One of the earliest mentions of this custom is found in the well-known interview between Hengist's daughter Rowena and his guest, King Vortigern. Rowena presented a cup of wine to Vortigern, with the expression, "Louerd King, waes heal!" and Vortigern, who knew no English, was told to reply, "Drinc heal!"

The *Antiquarian Repertory* (ed. 1775) contains a woodcut representing the support of an old chimney-piece which belonged to an ancient mansion built by a family, by name Hawks, in the County of Kent. The engraving represents a large oak beam upon which is carved a double-handled bowl placed between the words "Wass heil" and "Drinc heile." On the bowl are carved two hawks, and running in a conventional design around the whole is the branch of an apple-tree—alluding, presumedly, to the component parts of the bowl's contents.

The ceremony of wassailing, as it was performed at the court of Henry VII., is very interestingly described in the Collection of Ordinances for the Government of the Royal Household. We find that each person is provided with a separate cup with which to pledge the others, and that "When the steward came in at the doore he was to crie three tymes, *Wassel, Wassel, Wassel;* and then the chappell (chaplain) was to answer with a songe."

In the homes of the middle and better classes of people in England the family were used to assemble around a bowl of wassail, from which each in succession would drink the health of the circle, and then give expression to the words "Wass heil."

It was at this period that maidens of the poorer class were wont to go from door to door bearing a bowl decorated with holly and parti-colored ribbons and filled with a mixture of spiced and sweetened ale, together with a goodly number of roasted apples. This beverage was sometimes called "lambs' wool," on account of its mildness and softness. At each house a carol, such as that quoted beneath the picture on page 1289, would be sung, intended to persuade the householder visited into giving some small pecuniary return for a sip of their sloppy libation, supposed to bring good luck during the new year. In case the invitation and music proved ineffectual in procuring the desired recognition, the song was very quickly changed to malicious anathemas.

Wassailing was also practised in monasteries, as we learn from *Archæologia* (xi., 420) that the "Poculum Charitatis," or wassail-bowl was placed on the abbot's table at the upper end of the refectory, to be circulated amongst the community at his discretion. The ceremony of the "Loving-Cup," which is still kept up at the corporation feasts of London, resembles the wassailing of the monasteries in its general form. First the master drinks, standing, to the general health from a flagon full of sweetened and spiced wine, and then passes it to the warden on his left, who drinks in a like manner to the man on his left, and so on around the table—each one, when pledging, standing up while his neighbor drinks to him.

The observance of New-Year's day in Scotland was formerly celebrated with much hilarity and revelry. Promptly at midnight the family would engage in a general health-drinking and hand-shaking around a bowl of wassail, during which the following song was often sung:

> Weel may we a' be,
> Ill may we never see;
> Here's to the King
> And the gude companie! etc.

When the singing was concluded, certain of the family would proceed into the street, loaded down with a supply of such provisions as buns, bread, cheese, etc., and a kettle of hot wassail, known also as the *hot pint*, their purpose being to visit the house of a neighbor, and there to exchange greetings and sips from the convivial kettle. If they happened to be the first to enter the house since the New-Year, additional significance was attached to their visit as an omen of good luck.

In the year 1812 a gang of young ruffians in Edinburgh dealt a lasting blow to this popular custom by forming themselves into squads to rob the people who might be abroad on New-Year's eve. Several gentlemen were robbed and severely beaten. The affair caused great indignation, three of the rascals were executed, and from that time the old custom began rapidly to decline, until it practically died out.

C. O. DeLand.

THE LAST SHOT OF THE BLOCKADE.

Evening colors was sounding on the vessels of the fleet in Guantanamo Bay, and the anchor lights were being sent aloft, when the ever-restless *Scorpion* weighed anchor and started on duty for Santiago.

Down through the long line of battle-ships and cruisers, tugs and yachts, colliers and schooners, she steamed, and rounding the shoals of Sotarenta Point, stood west-southwest along the coast.

The last tints of a glorious Cuban sunset were gradually deepening into shade when the white sides of a strange vessel were discerned far away on the port bow. Standing rapidly to the eastward, she was about ten miles off shore. What was she?

In a moment the *Scorpion* changed course and headed for her.

Darkness came on, and the stranger's lights alone were visible. On our quarter, miles away, Guantanamo Bay twinkled faintly as the flag-ship signalled to the fleet at anchor.

"We are not gaining," said the commanding officer.

"She must be a swift one," thought we, "to show her heels to the *Scorpion*."

"Put on the blowers," was the order, and faster still we sped under the forced-air impetus.

Oh, the language that was coming up the ventilators from the fire-room below!

"Now we're catching her!" sang out the oracle to the men at the furnaces.

"Fire the blank charge!" came from the bridge. One was always ready with us.

Bang! went the 6-pounder, and at once the stranger stopped her engines a few hundred yards ahead.

Half-speed, on our engine telegraphs, and just abreast of her the *Scorpion* was dead in the water.

"What vessel is that?" megaphoned our captain.

And back across the dark space came the answer in clear tones, "His Imperial Majesty's cruiser *Geier!*"

"All right," said the *Scorpion*. "Good-night!" and we headed away for the westward.

So the last shot was a blank shot. The next morning, in Santiago Harbor, the news of peace reached us. On August 13 it was.

Now the *Geier* was a modern 1800-ton cruiser, with plenty of speed, and a main battery of eight 4.1 guns rapid-fire, and no end of machine-guns, and a protective deck to boot.

Of course, while the *Scorpion's* battery is perfect in its way and in its own sphere, perhaps it was better, after all, that the *stranger* proved a *friend*.

But the philosopher down forward is not yet appeased, for, says he, "she had no darned right to hang around *our* waters and *our* shipping at night-time, nohow!"

W. T. Cluverius,
Ensign, U.S.N.

"NOT INTO TEMPTATION!"

Thou great, unchanged, eternal One!
Thou God of Nations, filled with awe,
We thank Thee for the course we run
'Neath Thy unalterable law.

We feel that so far on our way
Thy guiding care had but to bless
A life which ever forward lay
And ever looked to righteousness.

We give Thee songs of praise that Thou
Hath so disposed us for our weal,
And all thanksgiving even now
For our unconquerable zeal.

But from this zeal has grown such might,
With no grave errors to retrieve,
That time may come, may be in sight,
When we the old-time way would leave,

And reaching out our cleanly hands
Across the seas, across the zones,
Follow the lead of other lands
To spoil the weak, outwit the drones,

And strong, resourceful, fearing naught,
From shore to shore our sway extend,
Till o'ergrown empire, weak, distraught,
Has but disunion for an end.

Show Thou the fathers' path and lead
Where no world-circling ills beset!
Stay us in every outward greed!
Stay us, great God, ere we regret!

Chalmers Roberts.

THE recent performance of the Amateur Comedy Club of New York is of extraordinary merit of its kind, and in a manner marks an era in the development of the club. At its inception in the season of 1884–5 the Amateur Comedy Club was one of a considerable number in the metropolis that were devoted to the giving of so-called amateur plays, and the standard of all of these clubs was not noticeably above that of common or garden private theatricals. In the course of time the club gathered to itself most of the fashion and most of the talent among the young people in New York who are interested in things of the stage; and as rival clubs dropped out of existence its productions became at once more fashionable and more perfect. Of late years the club has given only such comedies as have succeeded in the downtown theatres—old Daly adaptations, Mr. Sothern's old plays, and even a minor piece by Pinero. In several seasons, and notably the present, the performances have approached so near to the professional standard that at times one could easily be persuaded that he was seeing the work of men and women born to the stage.

The Triumph of the Amateur Comedy Club of New York.

This same old paradox with regard to the amateur and the professional actor has seldom been presented in a more concrete form. Of the world the people of the theatre live in *Rose Trelawny* says: "It isn't *the* world we live in, merely *a* world—such a queer little one. I was less than a month in Cavendish Square, and very few people came there; but they were *real* people—*real*." Yet it is the profession of the people of this queer little world of the stage to embody the manners of that remote, almost inconceivable real world. That is why there are stage types, and why there are so few of them, almost, that any manual of the theatre will glibly name them for you. It is beyond the range of possibility that the people of the stage should present truly the manners they have so little inkling of. The art of the stock actor is skilfully to vitalize and diversify the traditional types he has known from the cradle. When by the grace of Heaven some one gives us a touch of real feeling expressed in the manner of the real world, we are so grateful that we say he has genius. The case of the amateur is quite the reverse. He knows only Cavendish Square; he *is* Cavendish Square; and all he imagines of dramatic art is his gleanings from this theatre and from that. His ideal is to act like an actor. In almost every first-rate amateur company you will find several highly developed imitations of that species of English accent that our native actors imitate from the poor devils of English actors who come to us because they have failed at portraying English manners at home. How many removes from anything real does that make? I have seen an amateur imitate Sothern so glibly that one would say he was Sothern, if one did not miss the frequent touch of truth that redeems Sothern's manner; and I was not surprised to learn that the actor frankly owned up that he was intending to imitate Sothern. So the nearer the amateur comes to his ideal, the further he is from anything that we can admit to be art. I don't wish to be whimsical, but there are times when the most accomplished amateur company makes me sigh for the good old days of undergraduate tomfooleries and of sure-enough amateur plays. One could not applaud his friends in those days, but one could laugh at them with all his heart, and nothing could have been better fun short of the work of those real actors that express real passions in something that approximates the manner of real life.

The Paradox of the Accomplished Amateur.

A recent squabble among the leading dramatic critics of the metropolis has been the means of affording very interesting data as to the manners and the scholarship of the censors of the stage. The squabble began with an error as to the text of Shakspere in the *Commercial Advertiser*, the dramatic department of which has been of late conducted on rather independent lines by Mr. Norman Hapgood, a young writer, who has made his mark by contributing dramatic and political articles to the leading English reviews. The *Commercial Advertiser* criticised Miss Mary Shaw for not knowing her part of *Rosalind*, because to Celia's question, "Is all this for your father?" she replied, "Some of it is for my *child's father*"—that is, for *Orlando*, whom she thus thinks her future husband—instead of the familiar emendation, "for my father's child"—that is, herself. The *Advertiser* acknowledged its error by printing a letter from Mr. Ticknor of Boston, who pointed out that Miss Shaw's reading is the Folio reading, and is supported by the best editors. The paper also made due acknowledgments to Miss Shaw as "one of the most correct actresses in this country." On the Sunday following an article in the *Times* signed Edward A. Dithmar rehearsed these facts, called Mr. Hapgood a "critic (Heaven save the mark!)," and charged him with having "assailed for ignorance and carelessness" an actor who "adheres to the purest and most respected text." All this would have been much better if it had appeared before Mr. Hapgood's acknowledgments. The etiquette of schoolboys requires that when a fellow has cried *peccavi* you let him up, and few rules are better among comrades in any stage of life.

Comradeship and Criticism.

EDITH CRANE AS *MILADI* IN "THE KING'S MUSKETEER," As performed by E. A. Sothern's Company.

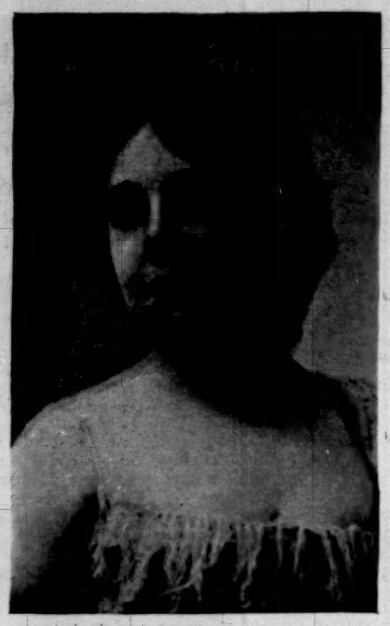
The climax of this incident involved the dean of American critics. When Miss Julia Arthur played *Rosalind* she had apparently profited by Miss Shaw's triumph over her censor. When Mr. William Winter reviewed her performance in the *Tribune*, he did not profit by the younger critic's fall. This is what he wrote: "The young actress, furthermore, was so oppressed with agitation that she had but slight control of herself. In the colloquy with *Celia*, after the wrestling, she made *Rosalind* say, 'Some of it is for my child's father,' and the excitement which could cause a break like that would mar anything." Mr. Winter was duly rebuked by a correspondent of the Baltimore *News*. He excused himself as follows: "Surely it was more gracious and more kind, in reviewing Miss Arthur's performance of *Rosalind*, to ascribe a foolish and vulgar misreading rather to nervous prostration than to deliberate design. An accidental error is of no importance, but an error indicative of a coarse taste and a dull mind may carry with it a deep significance, and may be attended with lasting consequences. . . . It is no defence to cite the Folio text, because the blunder in the Folio text is palpable." The final word in the controversy, thus far, comes from Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard, who, since the death of Professor Child, is acknowledged to be the soundest and most learned of our scholars in English. As to Miss Arthur's alleged vulgarity, he remarks: "But, some one says 'child's father' is indelicate. I think not. At all events, the most fastidious of Elizabethan ladies would not have objected to it. It means no more than 'the man I hope to marry.' *Celia* and *Rosalind* are alone, and they are bosom-friends. Have we got so far from honest plain-speaking nowadays that a heroine may not tell her adopted sister that she hopes to marry and have children? But grant a slight indelicacy (which I do not, in fact, grant for a moment), what then? Elsewhere *Rosalind* does not shrink from such things. The speaker of v. ii., 12–15, was not likely to hesitate at 'child's father.'" His verdict as to the alleged folly and dulness of Miss Arthur's reading "child's father" is as follows: "There is no ground whatever for suspecting that 'child's father' is not what Shakspere wrote. On the contrary, the context is altogether in favor of its correctness." Of the two most prominent critics in New York, it seems one has thrashed a younger comrade for a fault already owned up to; the other has sought to screen himself from the consequences of his own error by insinuating that a young woman who is an earnest artist has a coarse, vulgar taste and a dull mind.

Gallantry and Criticism.

This attack upon Miss Arthur as a Shaksperean actress has the appearance of being made in behalf of Miss Ada Rehan. If it is, nothing could be more prejudicial to Miss Rehan. Miss Arthur has youth, good looks, an abundant fortune, and a vigorous ambition to excel in the highest forms of the drama. In her New York season, which is now drawing to a close, she has presented "Ingomar," "As You Like It," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "Mercedes,"

Miss Rehan and Miss Arthur.

THE TRIAL SCENE IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AS PERFORMED AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.



GRACE ROMAINE,
Contralto, of the Castle Square Opera Company.

and an intended performance of "Infidele" was prevented only by ill-health. In all these performances she has acted creditably; in none of them has she shown more than a touch of native talent or a flash of dramatic fire. With Miss Rehan's advantages of hard and thorough training, there is no saying what she may not do; but to attack her as a present rival is as inapt as it is otherwise objectionable.

JOHN CORBIN.

MUSIC

1898: A REVIEW.

—Makes a swanlike end, fading in music.—*The Merchant of Venice.*

IT is the final musical witness for the year on the part of these weekly columns of record and comment. As is usual—indeed inevitable, so long as our American climate and our American routines of life are as they are—my editorial retrospect over music's course for the twelve-month must be begun at just about the middle of one local "season," and closed as another closes. This at first sight rather detracts from the completeness of even a sketch. On the other hand, the old informal break in summer-time, coming between "season" and "season," of recent years has become reduced to almost its least term. Only for a few hot weeks, at most, comes the check to concerts and operas and new artists to be heard, and to interests immediate in music's movement here. A large fraction of this same period happens to be one not at all idle abroad. The spring and earlier summer in England, France, and Germany have many things to say to American musical people, just when we are blessed with a bit of something like leisure to read of them or to betake ourselves towards them. There is really no untimeliness in a year-end retrospect as compared with one at the waning of a season.

ANDREAS DIPPEL,
Tenor, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.
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The opening of 1898 found one of the most brilliant of our concert seasons in full course. That course was sustained to the end, and it has been even more effectively carried out this winter. The Astoria concerts, under the late Anton Seidl, were potent social and musical attractions, with at least a show of novelty. These concerts, however, have not been resumed this winter, owing to the failure of the impresario in charge of them. As to other serial concerts, choral or orchestral, early in 1898, the long succession from the Philharmonic Society's fifty-sixth season, the Symphony Society of New York, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Chicago Orchestra, the Chickering Hall group, the Paur Orchestra, the Kneisel Quartet, and the exceptionally fine choral evenings of the Musical Art Society may be particularized. A significant loss came in the withdrawal this autumn from the concert-field of the Symphony Society of New York, after twenty years of work. The matinée concerts of the new Paur Orchestra and those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra enlarged on this deficiency. A bustling effort toward that much-mooted thing, an endowed local symphony band, was active in the year's start—as so often before then. The lamentable death of Mr. Anton Seidl set aside the plan for a time. It will probably be developed (with more wisdom) before another year passes. The death of Mr. Seidl was, for a time, a grave disturbance to other plans for the present winter. Mr. Emil Paur's residence in town has originated a new concert series of high merit, and given to the Philharmonic Society a conductor of sterling value to it in its present status. Mr. William Gericke's return to the leadership of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since October affords great pleasure, far and wide, along that great musical factor's lines of work; and, Mr. Gericke's recent severe illness having proved brief, there is likely to be no interruption to his services. The Opera House receives a new leader in Franz Schalk, a fairly trustworthy and firm one. The Oratorio Society has formally received Mr. Frank Damrosch as its leader. Mr. Walter Damrosch has resigned all his New York charges, at least *pro tempore*, and is now to be identified with Philadelphia's opera and concert affairs rather than with those special to this city. The marked advance in performance on the part of a small orchestra newly made a part of the "National" Conservatory of Music in this city is to be recorded and praised.

Orchestral and Choral Interests in 1898.

The Metropolitan Opera House was closed as this year began. The acting impresario for that house, Mr. Maurice Grau, decided early in the year 1897 to give no season until the time for one of 1898–9. Mr. Walter Damrosch and Mr. Charles A. Ellis, however, were on hand as lessees under Mr. Grau. Their company, made up for the most part of singers well known to this country, gave representations in Italian, French, and German for five weeks, including a familiar Wagnerian repertory. No new scores were sung. Later in the spring an interesting but exasperatingly unequal troupe of Italian singers—called now the "Boggetto," now the "Royal Grand," now by some other name—came to Wallack's Theatre by way of the far West. It gave New York a first hearing of two of Puccini's works. This organization returned in October, sang at the Casino, and was dissolved into bankruptcy. In November, Mr. Grau returned to the Metropolitan with a magnificent company, unquestionably the finest and largest ever grouped for a season at any one house; and with many fine artists new to New York, over and above the dazzling circle of those already heard here under the same conditions and manager. This season at the Metropolitan is now in its fifth week. It has an *ensemble* effect of extraordinary richness, though thus far it is lacking in all novelty of repertory. A fuller summary of it may be deferred. As to other opera, the best of the performances (in English only) of the Castle Square Opera Company, singing at the American Theatre, have reached a plane of art and of worth as an element of musical education in the community to call for high praise. In light opera in English decidedly good things have come in the way of "The Charlatan," "The Jolly Musketeer," "The Fortune-Teller," "The Little Corporal," and two musical plays "A Dangerous Maid" and "A Runaway Girl."

Opera in New York in 1898.

The register of large concert works that have been heard in this city for the first time in 1898 cannot be presented even approximately, so long is it. Those of the greater interest and highest form have not been necessarily of the first import. Chiefly in concert-music have such been found. Mr. Horatio Parker's sacred oratorio "Saint Christopher"; Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic suite "Sherzad"; Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"; a fine piano-forte concerto by Stenhammer; Mrs. Beach's "Gaelic" Symphony; the opera by Puccini "La Bohême"; and "Manon Lescaut"—are some notable matters of last spring. Mr. Paur and Mr. Theodore Thomas have presented several concert-scores by Franck, Dubois, Bourgoult-Ducoudray, and their elegant, if not always eloquent, school. I may direct attention here to the fact that the year has elicited in Europe a small outputting of noteworthy music. The activity of Europe in 1898 has proved itself chiefly Italian and French; operatic in accent; and either transitional or downright decadent—as your prejudices or convictions may decide it. Perhaps the aspect of 1898 will be more favorable to the world's musical vitality.

New Music in 1898.

Either at the beginning or at the end, this year has been so rich in its artistic guest-roll that I hesitate to cite it at all. There is, however, less injustice to the many than justice to the few to mention the first visits to America of the admirable operatic singers Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink (though her actual début has been postponed by an illness), and of Henri Albers, Albert Saléza, Ernest van Dyck, Albert Alvarez, and Anton von Rooy. Andreas Dippel, the Viennese tenor whose emphatic success as *Siegfried* has just been an incident, comes to us practically a new and finer personality in Wagner's music. Madame Marcella Sembrich is again a singer at the Metropolitan, with a dazzling endowment of gifts that have been so particularly recognized this winter as to make her appearance exceptionally distinctive in the season. In concert, have taken place since January last the first American appearances of the pianists Pugno and Siloti (Emil Saur is yet to be heard), the reentrées of Josef Hofmann, of Rosenthal, of Adele aus der Ohe, and of Madame Madeline Schiller; and the début of the violinist Burmester.

Singers and Players New to Us in 1898.

LOUISE MEISSLINGER,
Mezzo-soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.

The regretted and sudden death of Mr. Seidl has already been noted. The deaths of Eduard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, and of Max Alvary, the admired German tenor, removed an old musician and a youthful one, of wide fame. It is worth while to notice that in 1898 have occurred no deaths in the general world-list of composers that mean a great musical loss; possibly because there are now no more just such men alive.

Musical Necrology of 1898.

The foregoing notes have exacted all my space for a review. The course of the season that takes in part of the new year is now strong. It could not be continued more graciously than in two Mozartian incidents which must be added to my record, whatever others lapse—that memorable and exquisite performance of "The Wedding of Figaro" recent at the Metropolitan, and the latest concert of the Kneisel Quartet, at which the composer's Quartet in F for an oboe and strings (one violin omitted) was given. The latter work had probably never been given in this country until the other evening, and it is little known in Europe. It is perfect Mozart—serene, masterful, the soul of harmony in every measure—and a delicate thing divine. The month's concerts of the Philharmonic Society presented Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and an orchestral novelty by Charpentier, "Impressions d'Italie." This is a descriptive matter, written with a boisterous mastery of instrumentation rather than refinement in its five pictures, and an excellent illustration of the mannerism of one of the more distinguished among the new French music-makers. Madame Josephine Jacoby was the soloist, a contralto of superior merit among our American concert artists.

Two Mozart Nights.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH,
Soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.
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THE PRESIDENT AT ATLANTA AND TUSKEGEE.

BY THOMAS J. CALLOWAY, VICE-PRINCIPAL OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S faith and interest in the elevation of the negroes were very firmly registered when, on the 16th of this month, he spent the greater part of a day in visiting and addressing the teachers and students of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama. His visit South was primarily to participate in the Peace Jubilee at Atlanta, Georgia, and a journey of eighteen hours along the eastern slope of the lower Alleghanies brought the Southern Railway's special train of the President and party to Atlanta early Wednesday morning, December 14. In the accompanying party were Mrs. McKinley, Secretary and Mrs. Gage, Secretary and Mrs. Alger, Secretary and Miss Long, Postmaster-General and Mrs. Smith, Secretary and Miss Wilson, Secretary and Mrs. Porter, Assistant-Secretary Cortelyou, General and Miss Wheeler, General Shafter, General and Mrs. Lawton, and Captain Scherer, press correspondents, messengers, and maids. Wednesday and Thursday, 14th and 15th, were given over to the programme of the civic and military parades, addresses, and demonstrations in Atlanta, closing Thursday night with a banquet, in which veterans of the gray wove laurels of good cheer for a reunited blue, in response to President McKinley's magnanimous utterance that "we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers." After which the party passed from Atlanta into the "Black Belt," *en route* to Tuskegee.

The distance of a hundred and forty miles into this "Black Belt" furnishes an ample study and evidences of the seriousness of the negro problem in this country. Near one station a negro owns a plantation of eleven hundred acres, well stocked and managed. Half a dozen others own small farms of less value. On the other hand, hundreds in this community and thousands in the section are tenants living in one-room cabins, with families as high as thirteen to fifteen in number. In one settlement there are nearly thirty of these cabins, made of logs, with large apertures between the logs, permitting draughts that mean consumption and pneumonia. There is scarcely a picture on the wall, save an occasional advertising chromo, and patent-medicine almanacs seem the only excuses for books to furnish mental food to families, whose kitchen, dining, bed, and sitting room, for all ages and sexes, is a single four-wall enclosure. On the other hand, there are clocks worth five dollars which have cost fourteen dollars from smooth-tongued agents, who collected the money by instalments. Likewise there are sewing-machines with no evidence of their need from the scanty clothing to be seen. With no mule or horse to draw them, some of these people own buggies. The fact is everywhere apparent that the first principle of "getting on in the world" has not been learned. These people, who as slaves were fed and clothed by a master, find it a hard lesson to learn the white man's economy for future wants and the necessity of owning land. Their crops even are mortgaged before planting, in order to draw from the merchant rations and clothing, which the merchant sells to them at a profit of from 12 to 180 per cent. over usual retail prices. Mules are rented to cultivate crops: an old man told me that he has paid $14 a year rent for a mule for seven years, when the mule might have been bought in the first place for $50. The moral status is as unsatisfactory as the industrial. The camp-meetings prove attractions for lewdness, drunkenness, and gambling, the preachers often winking at these evils if financial returns are increased. Men who have gone to coal-mines, public works, and large commercial centres to get better wages have learned the games of dice and cards, and returning, have taught them to their fellows, who revel by night amidst the fumes of cheap whiskey and tobacco, while women and children are half clothed and half fed.

It is significant, however, that everywhere the people are at work, practically all the unskilled labor and much of the mechanical work done in the South being performed by negroes. But the difficulty seems to be that the people do not know how to utilize the results of their labor. They are anxious to learn, and will always seek the school-house. Last year 27,435 negro teachers enrolled 2,816,340 negro children in the public schools of the South, and 1795 teachers instructed 45,402 negro boys and girls in 169 normal, industrial, and collegiate schools. Of these the Tuskegee Institute is one of the best known. Founded by Booker T. Washington, July 4, 1881, in a frame church and cabin, with one teacher and thirty pupils, and no property, the school has grown during the seventeen years to the large proportions of 90 teachers, 1000 students, 2267 acres of land, 37 buildings, 26 industries, the equipment, with land and buildings, reaching the value of $300,000. The students, of both sexes, are from 21 States, Cuba, and Puerto Rico, and receive an education in English, with religious and industrial training.

The visit to this institution of the President and most of the cabinet was an event of tremendous interest to teachers, students, and citizens, white and black, in the community. After the party had breakfasted on the train a start was made at half past eight o'clock for the institute through the streets of Tuskegee, whose score of large columned mansions bespeak the magnificence of *ante bellum* living in this "Heart of the South." As the carriages approached the school campus, a mile away, the thirty-seven buildings, erected by students in carpentry and brick masonry in their self-help education, were a welcome sight in happy contrast to the fields of waste and decay surrounding the town. Upon entering the gate the grounds were observed to be beautifully arranged, and ornamented by students in horticulture. The buildings, plans for most of which, including the largest, were drawn in the architectural and mechanical-drawing department of the institute, were well arranged and strikingly commodious. Bricks, of which students in the brick-yard have made this year a million, were being put into the Armstrong Slater Memorial Industrial Building. Logs, cut by students, were being sawed in the saw-mill into lumber by other students. The wheelwright, blacksmith, and harness shops exhibited beautiful and substantial buggies and wagons constructed by these black boys. Still other students exhibited well-fitting suits of clothes made by them in the tailor shop; circulars, books, etc., printed by them in the printing-office; shoes produced by them in the shoe-shop; steam-engines, etc., manufactured in machine, foundry, and plumbing shops; while all tin vessels used are made by students in the tinning department, and the painting and plastering are done by students in those trades. Handsome dresses and fancy articles were seen representing the work of girls who are students in plain sewing, dress-making, and millinery shops, while other girls are being taught nurse-training, housekeeping, cooking, and laundry-work, the last being carried on in a three-story brick building devoted wholly to hand laundry-work. A farm of 700 acres is cultivated by students in agriculture, whose instructor is a graduate of Iowa Agricultural College, and crops of corn, oats, pumpkins, etc., have been harvested for food. Fifty acres are planted in grape-vines and fruit trees, partly from which three thousand

(*Continued on page 1300.*)

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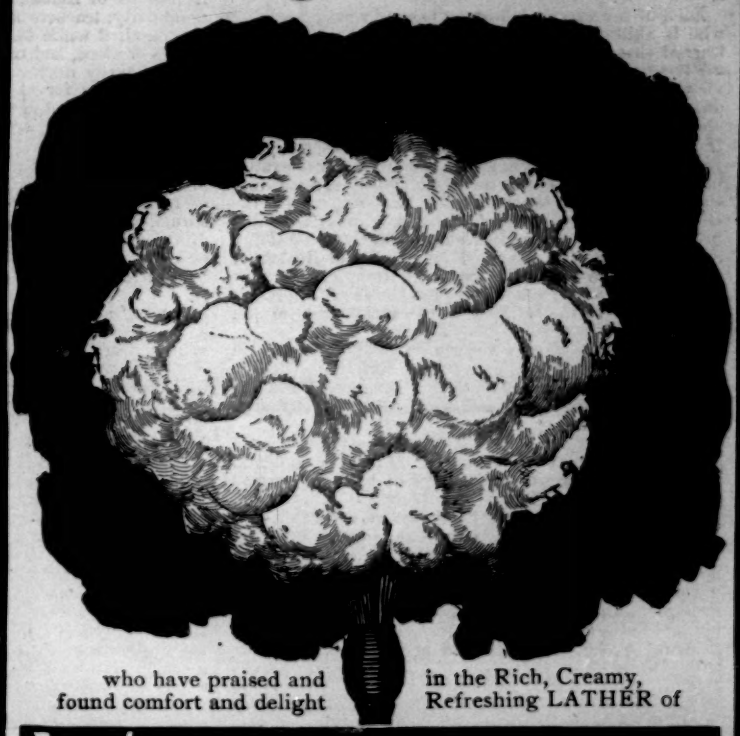

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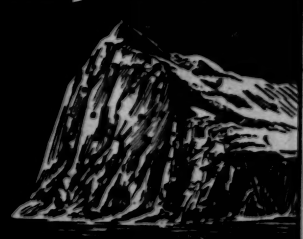

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(Continued from page 1299.)

gallons of fruit have been canned during the past summer and are stored in the cellar of the boarding department. Sixty Jersey cows furnish milk, butter, and cheese, the creamery being handled by students.

Each of the various industries has as its head a teacher who is skilled along the special line, and when it was learned that President McKinley was to visit Tuskegee, the faculty decided to prepare floats which, passing in review before the visitors, would show the literary and industrial phases of the school. Hence for three weeks plans were wrought into beautiful floats, consisting of a frame-work of lumber dressed in cedar, moss, pine, and ivy. The broad platform gave the opportunity to exhibit innumerable devices of student handicraft. A reviewing-stand was arranged for the President's party, and for the Governor and Legislature of Alabama, who attended in a body. When President McKinley, with Governor Johnston of Alabama on his right, and Principal Booker T. Washington on his left, stood in the front row to view the parade, the appearance was an evidence of the present achievement in the solution of the racial problem and a prophecy of hope and ultimate success.

Promptly at nine o'clock seven hundred young men in double file, bearing each a sugar-cane surmounted with a palm leaf, began to pass in review, keeping step to the students' brass band, and following were four hundred girls, each with a sugar-cane, on top of which was a boll of cotton. Every face in this long procession was a ray of hope, in every eye was the sparkle of purpose, and both in form and feature did the lessons of life's seriousness show their imprint. Then began the magnificent pageant of forty-five floats drawn by horses, mules, and oxen, each float representing a different phase of the institute. While a pen picture is impossible, it is safe to say that no tableaux were ever more effective in conveying to a vast audience a concrete vision of the aims, methods, and results of an institution's work. From floats contrasting old and new methods of butter-making to the artistic floats of physics, electricity, and architecture, every feature of the institute was exhibited in an entertaining style. But to those who have watched and aided the transition from the rude cabin homes and ignorant and crude farming to the skill and training displayed, the tableaux were an inadequate exhibition of the manhood and womanhood awakened in those young men and women.

At ten-thirty o'clock the large brick chapel was filled with the full Senate and House of Representatives of the Legislature of Alabama, white and black citizens of the community, teachers and students. There were about two hundred white ladies in attendance, who, with their escorts or alone, had mingled on the grounds freely and promiscuously during the parades, and now struggled good-naturedly for seats. There was no repulsiveness anywhere apparent, and any one who may have thought the races are living here in perpetual enmity was amply convinced otherwise. The troubles which recently occurred in the Carolinas are not possible in such an atmosphere of tolerant disposition as at Tuskegee. A few of these white people are contributors to Tuskegee Institute, and others, as trustees of the school and officers of the State, are contributing their influence to its success.

In the audience was one man who, as an owner of 400 slaves, was reared in all the convictions of his section. A few years ago a negro boy left his plantation, came to Tuskegee, completed the course there, and returning, exhibited such a marked improvement as to convince the planter of the value of negro education, and to turn his life into one of perfect sympathy and co-operation, so that he now gives annually his money and still more largely gives his influence.

Of such remarkable composition was the audience to which President McKinley spoke, and no audience ever welcomed him more warmly. While his speech was mainly of a congratulatory nature upon the aims and methods of the institute, in which he remarked that it "is ideal in conception," he thus touched the negro problem, already overshadowing the South, and destined to more largely tax the American people:

"One thing I like about this institution is that its policy has been generous and progressive; it is not so self-centred or interested in its own pursuits and ambitions as to ignore what is going on in the rest of the country or make it difficult for outsiders to share the local advantages. I allude especially to the spirit in which the annual conferences have been here held by leading colored citizens and educators, with the intention of improving the condition of their less fortunate brothers and sisters. Here, we can see, is an immense field, and one which cannot too soon or too carefully be utilized. The conferences have grown in popularity, and are well calculated not only to encourage colored men and colored women in their individual efforts, but to cultivate and promote an amicable relationship between the two races—a problem whose solution was never more needed than at the present time. Patience, moderation, self-control, knowledge, character, will surely win you victories and realize the best aspirations of your people. An evidence of the soundness of the purposes of this institution is that those in charge of its management evidently do not believe in attempting the unattainable, and their instruction in self-reliance and practical industry is most valuable."

The general awakening of the negro masses referred to by the President as being made through the Tuskegee Institute, and which the visit of himself and cabinet will immensely stimulate, is a special work of national value. The last week in each February a farmers' conference is held, and the people are urged to improve their homes, buy land, cease mortgaging their crops, lengthen their school terms, demand good moral character and fitness in their teachers and preachers, etc. This agitation has spread from this centre to all the South, and the results are already to be seen.

Principal Booker T. Washington has received many words of praise and endorsement, more than any other living man of his race, but it is doubtful if any man has ever received a higher testimonial from the Executive of the nation, speaking as its representative, and fully aware of the significance of his utterance, than when he said in his address:

"To speak of Tuskegee without paying special tribute to Booker T. Washington's genius and perseverance would be impossible. The inception of this noble enterprise was his, and he deserves high credit for it. His was the enthusiasm and enterprise which made its steady progress possible and established in the institution its present high standard of accomplishment. He has won a worthy reputation as one of the great leaders of his race, widely known, and much respected at home and abroad as an accomplished educator, a great orator, and a true philanthropist."

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AMATEUR SPORT

A CONFERENCE OF FACULTY ADVISERS and other friends of amateur sport is soon to gather for final consideration of suggestions, earlier made, looking to the maintenance of sport in a reasonable and healthful position in Eastern university life. There are many minor questions of eligibility, conflicting rules, and the like, that will assert themselves, and in due course receive attention, but the imperilling need to wholesome life in college sport is unflinching and impartial revision of the regulations that permit of the following abuses:

(1) Misappropriation for athletic purposes of the scholarships for "indigent students."
(2) Illegitimate recruiting of athletes.
(3) Practice with professional teams—in baseball, for example.
(4) Preliminary training or practice.
(5) Indifference to scholarship standard for athletes.
(6) Undergraduate speculation in football tickets.

How much of real benefit could be accomplished if the members of this university committee would address themselves to these matters with a mind utterly free from prejudice, and with the single purpose in view of giving college sport the high tone it must carry or else retrograde!

I SHOULD NOT LIKE TO SAY how often my mail brings me letters from the Middle West (by which term, for my present purpose, I include the Missouri Valley section), calling attention to Western athletes who, by agents, sometimes unofficial, at other times avowedly official, have been lured to Eastern institutions by promises, moving though mysterious, and variously outraging the ethics of amateur sport.

A clever quarter-back, earning the price of his course in a Western college by selling papers, is reported by the local Western press as "called" and "cared for," and sure enough we see him captaining the college team of an Eastern university (barred from the 'varsity by the one-year-residence rule), and observe no Eastern repetition of the Western struggle for tuition.

Another, the mainstay of his Western college team, and who, by-the-way, had played professional baseball, journeys East to unusual football honor and a simon-pure athletic reputation. Yet others are transported East to attain distinction and creature comforts they did not enjoy in the West.

THE QUESTION OF THIS CLASS OF MAN being paid money is not at all raised in this argument. Neither I nor any one familiar with college sport would even suggest it. But it is a fact beyond dispute that illegitimate means of recruiting are employed, and that under the guise of "indigent students" men have been permitted to enter, and, indeed, on occasions have been maintained because of their ability in football, in baseball, or in track athletics.

There is, in honest truth, very little of this sort of thing being done nowadays, and it is confined to only a very few institutions; but for every real case there are a hundred suspected ones. The departure of a Western athlete for the East sets the entire West ringing with charges of professionalism against the East. Only occasionally have the charges been well founded, but the remembrance of those lingers.

There is no worthier fund in university life than that devoted to helping needy fellows through college; and undoubtedly many an honest, deserving student has been also an athlete. But when, term after term, a majority of the 'varsity team are supported in college through aid from that fund, there seems good ground for the assumption that either poverty and exceptional athletic ability travel hand in hand or else the fund is misappropriated.

PRELIMINARY FOOTBALL TRAINING has been so frequently discussed in this department that its readers must be familiar with all I could say against the pernicious practice. In a word, it is contemptible in spirit—neither sportsmanly nor honest—for its sole purpose is getting advantage of your opponent by extra work which you hope he may not secure. It is, besides, totally against the idea and purpose of college sport, which suggests competition and practice during the regular terms of the college year. If all agree to abandon the practice, none will have any of the advantages it is alleged to bestow. Thus far the advantages appear to be proverbial rather than actual.

Generally speaking, the Eastern and a majority of the Middle-Western (east of the Mississippi) universities insist upon their athletes living up to the requirements of a scholarship standard. But I have observed this year a tendency in some quarters, East and West, to unusual and harmful lenience, not only in the first instance, but in the last, when the delinquent should have been kept from the team, instead of being railroaded on to it by superficial class-room work and an indulgent professor.

Worley. Carpenter. Hemstreet. Brooks. Owsley. Gelfuss. Jones. L. Rosson. Carrell, M'g'r.
Stutsman. Waters. W. Rosson. Sampsrion. Andrew.

THE DEAF-MUTE ELEVEN OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE.
Photographed by Buckmyer.

Speculation in football tickets has become really a scandal. It is difficult to conceive of undergraduates entering into traffic with speculators, but they do it.

Perhaps numbering tickets and registering their disposition may correct this spreading evil.

Univ. of Penn. has already forbidden play with professional teams to her baseball nines; and I commend the same course to Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, not to mention all the others.

NEIL SNOW,
Right End, Univ. of Mich., 1898.

DANA T. SMITH,
Captain, Sewanee.

Review of Middle-Western Football, continued from Last Week.

APART FROM MICHIGAN AND CHICAGO, Wisconsin was the only team to show a record worthy of consideration among the leaders. It has only its 0–6 defeat by Chicago, whereas it wound up the season brilliantly by beating Northwestern, 47–0. Wisconsin, like Michigan, was obliged to work up new material, and was coming on rapidly at the close of the season. Her captain, Patrick O'Dea, was put forth as a rival of Herschberger in the kicking department, and it is probable he can take the Chicago man into a back lot and beat him out at the punting or drop-kicking game. In a game, however, his superiority over the back upon whom Chicago has relied so completely is not so noticeable. Against Northwestern, when O'Dea drop-kicked a goal, with sixty-two yards to cover and the ball cleared the bar by four feet, a Northwestern man had broken through and was all but successful in blocking. O'Dea had to swing far to one side to avoid him. No one suspected more than a punt at that distance. It was the most notable drop-kick goal of this season, and one of the most remarkable performances of its kind in football annals. In 1891 J. E. Duffy made the first score Michigan ever had secured from Cornell up to that time by drop-kicking a goal from the field just at the centre a few minutes before the call of time. This took place at Detroit, and stood as the record feat of the West until O'Dea's performance this year.

CHICAGO BEAT WISCONSIN, 6–0. The greatest of kicking games had been expected; but the field was very soft, and neither Herschberger nor O'Dea came near his best form. The only touch-down was made early in the first half, Chicago playing straight football through Wisconsin's line. Wisconsin's lighter team was the more heavily handicapped by the wet field, but its defence was at times brilliant. A fortnight before the game with Chicago there had been serious talk at Madison of disbanding the team. While Chicago was playing Univ. of Penn., Wisconsin was having difficulty with Whitewater Normal School. More energy was being put into the chase for evidence against Chicago players than into all the practice. Though the score greatly flatters Wisconsin, it represents a remarkable brace on her part, and she took defeat far more handsomely than did Chicago in the previous year.

ILLINOIS STARTED POORLY, due to arranging several hard games at the beginning against veteran teams, such as that of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago, and the Notre Dame University, both of which defeated Illinois. Later the green material at Champaign began to round to, and a stubborn defence in the mud at Detroit enabled Illinois to hold Michigan to two touch-downs, and to score one touch-down on a fumble and fifty-yard run. Illinois did her best playing of the season, perhaps, when she held the Carlisle Indians down to one touch-down in each half at Chicago, November 19. Neither team played well in the first half, but Illinois should have done all the scoring but for a case of stage-fright, the Indians making their first touch-down easily on a blocked kick. Carlisle did her only good playing of the day during the latter part of the second half, and then showed line-bucking somewhere near her reputation. The team was not well generalled, had poor interference, handled punts badly, and in general revealed nothing with which to win out but brute strength and better condition, though three men were removed from the game.

NORTHWESTERN HAD A "FLUKY" TEAM. It put up a stubborn defence against Michigan, and was aided by the latter's poor generalship and lack of team-work. Its collapse came at Minneapolis, before the Minnesota University team, which had been playing raggedly all the season. The next week Wisconsin finished it up.

Minnesota and Illinois proved to be closely matched on Thanksgiving day, when the one point gained by the only goal kicked on four touch-downs gave Illinois the game, 11–10. Minnesota seemed to come along slowly with the

KROMER,
Quarter and Capt., West Point.

FOY,
Right Tackle, West Point.

ORMOND SIMKINS,
Full-back, Sewanee.

P. J. O'DEA,
Full-back and Captain, Univ. of Wis., 1898.

Univ. of Penn. methods. The injury that put captain and quarter-back Cole out of it early in the season was a serious handicap.

Purdue is the only other one of the Middle-Western universities that is represented in the faculty agreement as to eligibility. Purdue has rather dropped out of it the past season. She played only Chicago, being beaten, 17–0, the week after Chicago had played Univ. of Penn., and when the Chicago team was admittedly not in the best of shape.

It is a great pleasure to be able to comment on an awakening by the faculty at Notre Dame to some sense of its responsibility in the athletics of that institution. A faculty committee has been appointed, and the beginning of a more healthful spirit seems visible in the student body.

It remains to be seen how sincere is the promise, or how substantial the resulting evidence of conversion.

OBERLIN BECAME NOTICEABLE by holding down Cornell to six points, and by beating Purdue, 10–0, Thanksgiving day. The team was coached in Univ. of Penn. tactics, and used the Princeton close formation as well as the guards-back system.

Considering its students (male) number less than 500, its showing for the season was highly creditable, and its schedule worthy of publication:

October 1.—Oberlin	29	Baldwin University	0
October 8.—Oberlin	6	Marietta College	0
October 15.—Oberlin	48	Ohio Wesleyan University	0
October 22.—Oberlin	5	University of Cincinnati	0
October 29.—Oberlin	0	Cornell University	6
November 5.—Oberlin	11	Western Reserve University	0
November 12.—Oberlin	33	Case School of Science	0
November 24.—Oberlin	10	Purdue University	0
Oberlin	142	Opponents	6

In the section where Oberlin is located—the Ohio, that is so thickly strewn with colleges—there are many football teams, with some few of merit—Western Reserve University (or Adelbert College) of Cleveland, and Case School of Applied Science, of the same city. Michigan beat Adelbert 18–0, and Case 32–5, while Oberlin beat Adelbert 11–0, and Case 33–0. Adelbert in turn beat Case by a score of 29–0.

Carlisle, I hear, is next year to lose five of her strongest players; Hudson, Rodgers, and Cayou have entered Dickinson College, and Bemus Pierce and Metoxen will return to their homes. We trust Carlisle School will sustain its interest in football, and seek to develop the game more generally among the members of the academy. It is not well to place all reliance on stars.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY DEFEATED DE PAUW, a former team of prominence, by 32–0. Earlier in the season De Pauw was beaten by Illinois, 16–0.

The Rush Medical College team is another one deserving mention for the good games of its veteran team early in the season.

Knox College, of Galesburg, Illinois, surprised Beloit's eleven by beating it, 18–0, on Thanksgiving day. There were some substitutes in the Beloit line-up, however, and they were not in as good shape after the 22–0 beating they had been given five days before by Michigan. But that does not detract from Knox's good work, which was so excellent that had full time obtained Beloit would have been defeated by even a larger score, as she was being completely outplayed.

Football has had considerable attention the past two seasons at Cincinnati, due to the fostering of the game by the University of Cincinnati, the teams of which were coached by Fennell, formerly of Cornell. The progress they have made was shown by beating Dartmouth, 17–12, at Cincinnati on Thanksgiving day. Oberlin made a score of 5–0 on Cincinnati on October 22, in a game over which there was some dispute. On Thanksgiving day, too, Cincinnati was held to 11–11 by Indiana University, another eleven that became prominent this autumn.

CHICAGO HAS BEEN GREATLY STRONGER, until this season, back of the line than in it. Nowhere has faster or more related work been developed among the backs. For two years, at least, Michigan has worked for the specific end of meeting Chicago's game, and has developed more rapidly in the way of defensive work in the line and at the ends. This year her line, except the tackles, outclassed Chicago at stopping plays. That there has been no characteristic method of line attack developed is not remarkable. Stagg stands for a high development of the mass-on-tackle play, though he used it not much this season. In this work Eastern precedents have been closely followed, especially at Wisconsin. Illinois last year made the Princeton revolving wedge her strong card of offence. Knipe at Iowa is the only coach who has taught Univ. of Penn.'s guards-back play in any thorough fashion. With it he humbled Northwestern last year, but by others it has been used only in desultory fashion. Purdue had a predilection for tandem plays, having had Balliett and Church for coaches, but the preference to develop a fast interference for the backs without bringing any men out of the line seems universal. Chicago used her ends on offence more than any other team. On the whole there was less use of trick plays. Wisconsin alone used the quarter-back kick to advantage.

ONE FEATURE OF THE SEASON'S PLAY in the Middle West was the increased amount of kicking, and the better quality of performances in that line. It is no longer uncommon for university elevens in that section to employ the kicking game with good judgment. Even preparatory-school elevens show good work in this direction nowadays. The number of young teams that have sprung up like mushrooms in small towns and big cities, more especially Chicago and Detroit, is altogether a feature of the past two years.

Herschberger has been so prominent a figure in the kicking department of Western football the past three seasons that his feats have naturally bestirred emulation. He himself did some great work this year, though he was more successful earlier than toward the end of the season. One of his best performances was 15 out of 21 points Chicago scored on Beloit, made by three place-kick goals. His drop-kick goal on Michigan was even a better performance, however. The first score of the season on

COMPARATIVE SCORES OF THE MISSOURI VALLEY FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1898.

	Univ. of Nebraska.	Univ. of Kansas.	Univ. of Missouri.	Univ. of Iowa.	Univ. of Medics.	Ames.	Drake Univ.
Univ. of Nebraska	.....	18–6, Nov. 5.	47–6, Oct. 24.	5–6, Nov. 24.	0–24, Nov. 7.	23–11, Oct. 15.	5–6, Nov. 12.
Univ. of Kansas	6–18, Nov. 5.	.....	12–0, Nov. 24.	.....	6–0, Oct. 5. 6–0, Nov. 12.	11–6, Oct. 15.	.....
Univ. of Missouri	6–47, Oct. 24.	0–12, Nov. 24.	.....	.....	0–16, Oct. 8. 15–5, Oct. 18.	.....	.....
Univ. of Iowa	6–5, Nov. 24.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5–18, Oct. 15.
Univ. of Medics	24–0, Nov. 7.	0–6, Oct. 5. 0–6, Nov. 12.	16–0, Oct. 8. 5–15, Oct. 18.	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ames	11–23, Oct. 15.	6–11, Oct. 15.	.....	.....	.....	.....	17–6, Oct. 29.
Drake Univ.	6–5, Nov. 12.	.....	.....	18–5, Oct. 15.	.....	6–17, Oct. 29.	.....

Michigan was made by a drop-kick from the forty-yard line that Quarrie of the Case School team made at Ann Arbor. In the game which Notre Dame won from Illinois University the second week of the season the only score at all was a place-kick goal by Notre Dame.

GRADUATE COACHING HAS COME ALSO to be a feature in the Middle West, but there is far from being at any of the universities such bands of skilled coachers as congregate at the Eastern institutions. Two to four or five men is about the limit during an entire season. In some respects this is a drawback, and in others an advantage. It certainly permits of uniformity in policy, and is all right if the coaches are able.

The Middle-Western teams do not entirely rely upon the East for their plays, as they once did. A. A. Stagg is of course resourceful and independent, so that Chicago University has not, at any time since he was engaged, merely copied the East. The same is true to some slight extent with the other leading teams of the Middle West.

ONE OF THE TRICKS STAGG sprung in the Michigan-Chicago game this year was novel and successful. It was a "fake" kick followed by a double pass. The kicker drew back at the signal, but started to run when he got the ball, as in the old-fashioned bluff of this sort. He was no sooner under headway in one direction, however, with the opponents, ends and all, steering across the field after him, than one of the other backs received the ball from a pass behind him and started around the end on a wide run in the opposite direction. This trick worked for thirty-two yards straight off in the game with Michigan. Later Michigan's ends got it down, but it was Chicago's most conspicuous ground-gainer, for all that. It was nearly worked once by a triple pass, three men being downed in turn before the play was stopped. All this raised the query in the West, if Stagg had not the idea of developing plays to include passing the ball on the run, somewhat after the manner of English Rugby?

COMMENT HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE on the Middle-Western individual players in choosing the All-America and All-Western teams. In fact, barring five—Herschberger, Burnett, Holmes, Clarke, and Cavanaugh, who were ineligible to the national or Western team — there are none in the West worthy of especial mention who are not considered in the All-Western eleven.

O'Dea has no rival with Herschberger ineligible, and should even have a place in the back field were the clever Chicago punter in the field. So also would Caley, a powerful running back and the strongest line-bucker in the West this year, and the strongest the West has produced since Van Doozer of Northwestern. There is little difference among Slaker, McLean, and Widman—McLean is the best of the three on defensive work. Perry (Northwestern) is a full-back of promise. With Clarke out, there was no really first-class quarter-back; but Kennedy and Wilmarth were quite the best of those remaining.

So, too, in ends; Snow and Bennett quite outclassed the field. Hamill at one time seemed a likely candidate, being fast and excellent on offence, but he developed a marvellous unreliability, though it is only fair to say that a lame shoulder lessened some of his keenness for hard tackling. Anderson (Wisconsin) earned a right to second choice; he has played four years, and maintained an excellent uniform standard of work. Snow's speed, judgment, and reliability in the Chicago game appear to have made him the star end of the West, though Bennett has the greater experience and is a steady, most serviceable player.

CUNNINGHAM WELL DESERVES the centre place, both because of his work in the position, and for his sportsmanship; McLain of Illinois would be a serviceable substitute, though not in the same class with Cunningham. Little of Northwestern and Eggeman of Notre Dame are remaining, of about even merit for third choice.

There were no really first-class guards, though Caley would make one if he continued in that position. Bunge is a promising man. Beloit played him at tackle, but he would be better at guard, where his weight and strength and speed would be most serviceable. Rogers is not entitled to consideration, and is withdrawn from the candidates for the All-Western eleven. France of Michigan is a coming guard.

Eligible tackles are scarce, but Steckle is entitled to first choice on the year's performance. He is both aggressive and an excellent ground-gainer. Of the remaining available ones, Bothne is the best.

Making up an All-Western team prompts the thought that although several of the elevens did excellent work—yet the number of first-class eligible candidates for the composite team—is surprisingly small.

THE MISSOURI VALLEY FOOTBALL season ended in the triumph of Iowa over Nebraska, which for the second year had won the pennant of the Western Inter-collegiate Football Association, composed of Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska State universities. After defeating with ease (47–6), the raw Missouri team, Nebraska moved on Lawrence, Kansas, where the great battle of the West was fought with Kansas University, November 5. A fine back field and good generalship enabled the well-balanced Nebraska eleven to win decisively, 18–6, against the superior line of Kansas, in a contest that was particularly exhausting and crippling to the Nebraskans. Hitherto unbeaten, they were routed, 0–24, two days later by the University Medical College of Kansas City, and subsequently beaten in turn by Drake University, of Des Moines, and Iowa State University, before their very busy season closed. Even Captain Melford, Nebraska's accurate goal-kicker, fell off in form, and failed to tie Iowa Thanksgiving day at Omaha on his try-at-goal.

Kansas suffered the fewest defeats, losing only to Nebraska; Missouri lost to the University Medics, to Nebraska, to Washington University (or St. Louis), and to Kansas; Iowa lost to Chicago University, 0–33, to Drake, 5–18, and was tied by Grinnell 5–5. Drake defeated Grinnell, 18–12. Both Ames and Grinnell beat Minnesota, the former, 6–0, October 22, and the latter, 16–6, a week previous.

THE STANDARD OF PLAY SHOWED NO ADVANCE. All the elevens revealed better developed systems of attack than resistance, and in most games, even one-sided ones, both teams scored. Nebraska, under the coaching of F. H. Yost (Lafayette), and the University Medics, after the coming of Coach C. S. Morris, the ex-Yale quarter, played clean, hard football. David L. Fultz, Brown's ex-captain, did much with Missouri's eleven in bringing it to creditable form for Thanksgiving, after a disheartening season. Behind the line and in defensive play Kansas did not equal former elevens, though possessing an effective offence and exceptional weight, 178 to 180 pounds to the man. But in kicking Kansas showed pronounced superiority over previous teams, through the clever work of Captain Moses, who defeated Ames by a field goal. Pennsylvania tactics continued at Kansas University, which Dr. Wylie G. Woodruff had in hand for the second season, as they did under Dr. Knipe at Iowa, where they had been installed the year previous by Wagenhurst.

THE GAME WAS PLAYED GENERALLY throughout the Missouri Valley by hundreds of minor colleges, academies, high-schools, athletic clubs, and "town" teams. Haskell Indian Institute, of Lawrence, Kansas, put a light eleven in the field, under William Walker's coaching, that played the game persistently, and over an extensive area, travelling from Indianapolis to Denver on its tours. They lost to Kansas, 0–30, October 8, and 5–12, October 13; to Purdue, 0–5, October 18, and 0–13, October 22; to Indianapolis Athletic Club, 0–12, October 20; to University Medical College, 0–46, October 31; and defeated Denver Athletic Club, 12–5, November 5.

STRICT AMATEUR RULES DID NOT OBTAIN, but none protested, nor was the amateur status improved over last season. The University Medical College, though constantly receiving seasoned recruits from universities, played at least two who were students in name only in Lewis, half-back, and Ryus, quarter. In Pendleton, guard, and Captain Heller, half, the Medics again had two men who have coached professionally. Hamill, the greatest of Missouri Valley forwards, played his fifth year at guard for Kansas University, of which he became a member in 1892. He also, according to common repute, has played professionally. In a minor match Kansas put in Walker, an alumnus and professional coach, at centre, under protest, and the Athletic Association of the university discountenanced the act. Coach Fultz played at half for Missouri in the ante-association contests, and Kramer, who has played on various minor Eastern teams, went into one game under an assumed name before he had enrolled. Pendleton, Heller, Hamill, and Fultz showed the best game in their positions in this field. At Nebraska University, whose greater enrolment gives an advantage over all contestants, the rules of amateur sport seemed more closely observed, the faculty several times keeping men out of important games for failing to reach the required scholarship standard.

Further discussion of Missouri Valley ethics and a review of the Southern football season continued next week. Also comment on Gallaudet.

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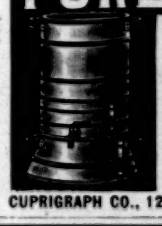

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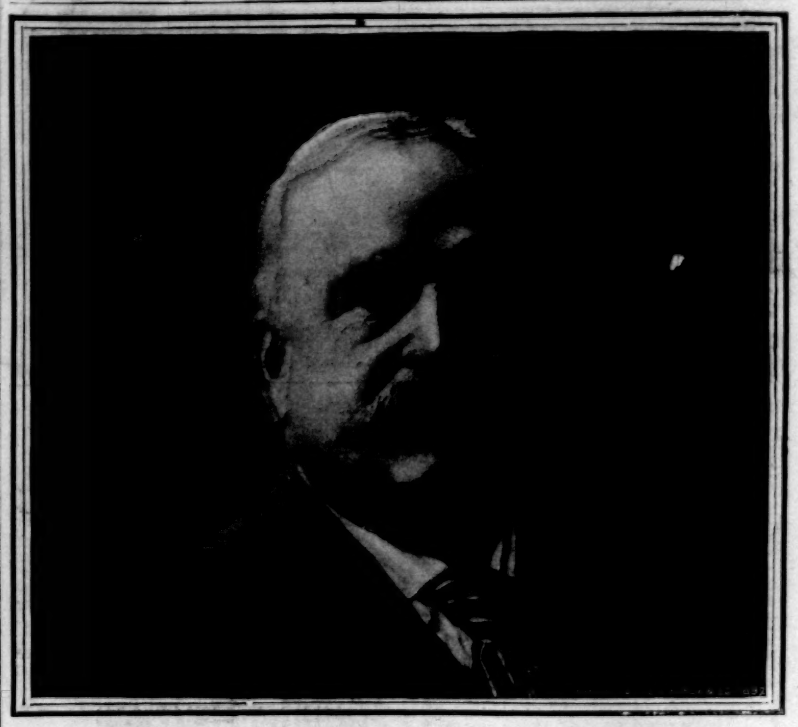

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